# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ADA REHAN AS "KATHARINE" IN THE "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.—[SEE PAGE 243.]

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1889.

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*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S purpose of reform in the civil service will be tried, like that of President CLEVELAND four years ago, at the beginning of his administration, by the expiration of the term of the postmaster in New York. It is the chief post-office in the country. Immense interests are involved in its efficient management, but until Mr. CLEVELAND'S Presidency it was treated as one of the great local prizes of party patronage. Mr. CLEVELAND found in the office a postmaster singularly qualified for his place by natural aptitude and official training and experience, who was in no sense a politician, and who had discharged his duties without the least regard for parties or politicians, and solely for the public convenience and welfare. The Democratic assumption that he would not be retained was universal, and the rage and scorn with which his renomination and similar executive acts elsewhere were received by the bosses of the party alienated from the President a considerable party support which he never recovered. The reappointment of Mr. PEARSON, under the circumstances, was an act of great courage, and won for the President a respect among intelligent Republicans which was marked and general. That his action was in strict accord with sound and reasonable principles of administration, that it secured the most efficient and satisfactory service, and that it promoted the public welfare, nobody will deny. That this efficiency has been maintained with great want of sympathy, if not despite great practical obstructions from the Department in Washington, is unquestionable, and it is all the more creditable to the postmaster. There is no great post-office in the world more efficiently managed than that of New York by Postmaster PEARSON.

It is to be assumed, therefore, without doubt, that an administration entering upon its term under such pledges upon this subject as those of the Republican party, accepted so unreservedly by the President, will pursue the same course as that of its predecessor, and continue at the head of the office the man who is undoubtedly the best man in the country for that particular place. If the office were in any sense political we should expect a change. But it is absolutely unconnected with politics. There is no distinctive or partisan Republican postal policy. The prompt, intelligent, thorough despatch of legitimate postal business in every detail is all that can be asked, and of this, under the present management of the office, the administration is sure, and it is equally sure that this is imperilled just in the degree that party politics are permitted to intrude upon the business of the office. There is no good plea under which a change could be made. It is certainly true that no postmaster has a vested right in his office. But the reappointment of a thoroughly satisfactory officer to a duty which is not political concedes no vested right; it merely continues in the public service an officer who is peculiarly fitted for it. The reason for not displacing him is that which would be conclusive in any great private business, namely, that he is proved to be the man wanted. Neither would his retention imply that the present postmaster is the only man in the country who can discharge the duties of the office. Undoubtedly there are other excellent men for the place, but none of them have the knowledge and training and experience which are possessed by this one. The argument for displacing a satisfactory officer for the reason that others might be satisfactory would be equally valid against anybody who might be appointed. Moreover, this is not an honest argument. The displacement of the postmaster is sought, not because another would be as good an officer, but because of a desire to secure the patronage for party purposes, which is now impossible. If a telegram was sent to General HARRISON from New York, at midnight of election day, congratulating him upon his election and exhorting him to "bounce PEARSON before sunset of the 4th of March," it was not because better management of the post-office was expected or desired.

This case will be as crucial a test of President HARRISON'S principles upon this subject as it was of President CLEVELAND'S. We do not forget that Mr. PEARSON was renominated simultaneously with the appointment of HIGGINS in the Treasury, and that it was announced that the PEARSON reappointment must not be regarded as a precedent. Neither do we forget that it was said to be the mugwump share of the New York spoils—a view which we are inclined to believe commended the appointment to Mr. MANNING. All this was stated with great vehemence at the time by the Republican press, to break the force of the prodigious fact that a Democratic President had reappointed the Republican postmaster of New York, simply because he was a good officer and not an active partisan. With all the drawbacks that we mention, it was an act of the highest executive courage and of immense public advantage, performed by a President who had plainly announced his own convictions, but whose party had carefully refrained from approving them. To suppose that President HARRISON, who has frankly accepted and adopted his party's solemn declaration of the principle upon which President CLEVELAND acted, will recoil from a similar course, and will replace the postmaster of New York with a mere party politician, however respectable a man he may be, is to suppose such a breach of good faith and abandonment of principle, as nothing in the President's career justifies. It would be pulling down his own flag before the battle had really begun. It would justify the Democratic taunt that the Republican pledge of reform was made to humbug the intelligent sentiment of the country and to be broken. This is not to say that no changes ought to be made. In every political office change is to be expected. In every office dishonestly or inefficiently managed, or administered with regard to party instead of public interests, change ought to be made. But the displacement of a conspicuously fit officer from an office which is not political, and which is managed without the slightest reference to politics, is the very abuse which reform would correct; and the Republican Convention, saying that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments," announced, solemnly, "We will not fail to keep our pledges."

## NEW APPOINTMENTS.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has proceeded deliberately in making changes in the civil service. One correspondent in Washington exclaims in anguish that only twenty changes were made in the first fortnight. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his *Kin beyond Sea*, says:

"The thing that perhaps chiefly puzzles the inhabitants of the old country is why the American people should permit their entire existence to be continually disturbed by the business of the Presidential elections, and still more why they should raise to its maximum the intensity of this perturbation by providing, as we are told, for what is termed a clean sweep of the entire civil service in all its ranks and departments on each accession of a Chief Magistrate. We do not see why this arrangement is more rational than would be a corresponding usage in this country on each change of Ministry. Our practice is as different as possible. We limit to a few scores of persons the removals and appointments on these occasions, although our Ministers seem to us not unfrequently to be more sharply severed from one another in principle and tendency than are the successive Presidents of the great Union."

This is the simple common-sense of the matter, and to this view public opinion in the United States is rapidly advancing.

Some of the new appointments are universally recognized as excellent. Mr. PALMER, of Michigan, who goes to Spain, can speak Spanish, and Mr. EVANDER, of Illinois, who goes to Denmark, is a native Scandinavian, and both are fitted for their official duties. Mr. PORTER, of Indiana, Minister to Italy, and Mr. WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, to Switzerland, are also admirable appointments. This is equally true of Mr. THAYER, of Minnesota, a gentleman of high character and cultivation, who is appointed Minister to the Netherlands, and of Mr. THOMAS, of Maine, who returns to his old post in Sweden and Norway, where he has served already with honorable distinction. Mr. TICHENOR, of Illinois, as Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the good selections. He has been well trained in the service, and has proved his ability. Mr. BATCHELLER, of New York, the other Assistant Secretary, is a man of high character, who was especially fitted by his good service in Egypt for the embassy to Turkey, which he desired, and which would have been a more congenial post. The selection of Mr. KASSON, of Iowa, Mr. W. W. PHELPS, of New Jersey, and Mr. GEORGE H. BATES, of Delaware, as Commissioners to the Samoan Conference, is admirable, and should be received by Germany as a token of good-will. Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, who has declined to be Assistant Secretary of State, was probably one of the best selections possible. He is a man of great experience and accomplishment in the foreign service, and his declination is to be regretted. Mr. SMITH A. WHITFIELD, of Ohio, as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, is an equally good appointment. He has large experience in the postal service, in which he has shown peculiar ability and energy, and as postmaster of Cincinnati he brought the office into the best condition, with strict regard to the principle of civil service reform. Mr. HAZEN, of Pennsylvania, who returns to his old place as Third Assistant Postmaster-General, is an officer of unusual ability, and should have been retained by the late administration. Mr. BELL, of Pennsylvania, appointed Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, has been the efficient traffic manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and should be a satisfactory officer.

These are all excellent and suitable appointments, and we do not mean to exclude from that category others whom we do not mention. There are some, however, which are much less fortunate than these. The appointment of Mr. CLARKSON as First Assistant Postmaster-General is as little reassuring as was that of Mr. STEVENSON, his predecessor, and for the same reason—that both regard the postal service as party spoils. Mr. VILAS'S circular and the general sweep of the post-offices were blots upon the late administration. A similar sweep by Mr. CLARKSON would dishonor the Republican pledge and name. Among the earliest Presidential postmasters named was Mr. WALLACE at Indianapolis in place of AQUILA JONES. But Mr. WALLACE'S first utterance, as reported in the Indianapolis *Journal*, is the voice of JONES:

"The civil service law, as I understand it, was designed to put efficient men in office. Other things being equal, Republicans will be given preference when possible. It would be unjust to hold me responsible for the acts of men in the appointment of whom I have no choice. If I thought I was to have no choice in the *personnel* of my subordinates I should not accept the office."

*Aut Aquila aut diabolus.* Mr. WALLACE should be made aware that there is a law of the United States which provides a method of selection for his subordinates, and that his responsibility is fully protected by his unrestricted power of removal. The post-office at Indianapolis is the only office in the State of Indiana which is included in the classified service. It was not incumbent upon Mr. WALLACE to accept it. But it is his duty as an officer, if he should accept it, honorably to obey the law, and as a Republican he should be wary of disgracing his party by violating its pledge.

## THE GOVERNOR'S "LITTLE JOKER."

GOVERNOR HILL'S ballot reform bill, known as the LINSON bill, is introduced merely to enable the Democratic members of the Legislature to vote for something called reform, in order to defeat a bill which secures it. The object of such a law is to prevent corruption. This it effects by providing for public printing of the ballots, thus removing the plea of printing expenses, under which contributions are levied upon candidates, and by securing secrecy in voting, which prevents bribery by depriving the briber of the certainty that the vote he buys is deposited. Governor HILL'S bill proposes that parties and candidates may supply their own tickets. For what reason? What honest purpose can be gained? If ballots are provided by the public authorities, why should parties and candidates wish to be at the expense of providing them? Simply to make cheating easier. A voter can then receive his ticket prepared for him by the boss, and taking the official ballot from the officer, he goes to the poll, and upon returning shows the official ballot as proof that he has voted the ticket given him by the boss.

This is the "little joker" in the Governor's bill, and the purpose is to defeat reform. The real points of the reform bill, as stated by Mr. SAXTON in his late excellent speech before the Federal Club, are as follows:

"I. Candidates are to be nominated by party conventions or by a certain number of electors, and the nominations so made are to be certified to those officers who are to have charge of printing the ballots.

"II. The names of all persons so nominated are to be published in newspapers and posted in election districts some days before election, so that the public may know who are to be presented for their suffrage.

"III. The officers designated for that purpose are to print all ballots and deliver them to the inspectors of election; all expenses to be a county charge.

"IV. The names of all candidates nominated for a particular office are to be printed upon the proper ticket, grouped under the different party names.

"V. The ballots are to be delivered to voters by officers provided for in the bill, and no ballot can be valid except an official ballot.

"VI. The voter receiving his ballot shall retire to a booth alone, when he will indicate by a cross the name of the candidate or group for whom he wishes to vote. He shall then fold his ballot so that no one can ascertain how he votes, and deliver it to the inspector, who shall deposit it in the ballot-boxes."

This is a very simple and practicable plan, which has been tested with entire success in Australia for thirty years, in England and Belgium for seventeen years, which is the law in Canada, and which, as we lately stated, has been tested successfully at the muni-

cipal election in Louisville. At the first State election in Montana this system will be put in force. Massachusetts, Indiana, and Rhode Island have adopted it, making four States in all, while it is under discussion in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Missouri, and Colorado, as well as in New York. In all these States the character of the opposition is the most striking proof of the excellence of the bill. It is everywhere opposed by politicians of the kind represented by Governor HILL, and by the combined mercenary force in politics, and it is supported by the most intelligent and honest citizens, who have not lost faith in the possibility of honesty in voting.

Mr. SAXTON says that the chief objection to his bill is that the officers charged with the duty of printing and distributing the ballots may fail to do their duty. This is a comprehensive objection, for it applies to every public officer charged with any duty whatever. Poll inspectors—all election officers, indeed, might neglect their duty. But the cases of neglect are insignificant and the results are unimportant. Public affairs proceed upon the assumption that sworn officers will generally attend to their duty. Power must be delegated, and it must be delegated to men who are fallible. But until it is shown that there is some reason for apprehending wilful neglect especially from this class of officers the objection will be seen to be what it really is, an excuse for facilitating corruption at the polls. In speaking of corruption as the present most threatening political peril, Mr. SAXTON spoke very cautiously and temperately in saying:

"The country was passing through a crucial period of its history. Its wealth had vastly increased, but he was sorry to say that the moral tone of the nation had not improved in the same ratio. The great mass of the people were sound at heart and scorned the arts of the briber, but there were tramps, 'bummers,' and vagrants who were a menace to the country because they were the willing tools of designing politicians. Thus an election was no longer the free expression of the public will, but a mart for the sale of votes. Somebody had written, 'The ballot speaks God's will.' He regretted that too often the devil's will and not God's prevailed at the ballot-box."

That is the tone of old-fashioned Republicanism and of honest patriotism, which never goes out of fashion. That it is a very general conviction is shown by the passage of the bills which we have mentioned, and nowhere are the remarks more applicable than in New York. The question is one of good government, and it is not a party question. The fact that a Republican caucus may approve and adopt a reform bill ought not to repel honest Democrats from supporting it, and preventing it from becoming a party advantage. As long as the Democratic party in New York appears as the opponent of every reasonable reform in State legislation—and it is thus far in this State the party opposed to ballot reform and temperance reform and civil service reform—it cannot hope to recover its ground by professing to favor tariff reform. A party is wisely estimated by its local action and its local representatives. In New York the Democratic party takes Governor HILL as its representative and opposes reform. On the other hand, the Republicans in the New York Legislature have the power, and they will be held justly responsible for the failure to pass an effective ballot reform bill.

## MR. WHITELAW REID'S NOMINATION.

THE nomination of Mr. WHITELAW REID as Minister to France raises a question which is wholly separate from that of special qualifications for the post or of personal pleasure in receiving so great an honor. The nature of the question is seen at once in the fact that from the moment the office is accepted the comments of the *Tribune* upon the administration of President HARRISON cease to be of any importance or influence whatever. When Mr. REID'S predecessor, Mr. GREELEY, was nominated for the Presidency, although he withdrew temporarily from the editorial control of the paper, the *Tribune* passed into eclipse, and was of no weight or influence in the campaign. The mission to France is one of the greatest honors which can be conferred by an administration. But the editor who accepts it is placed under an obligation which is absolutely incompatible with candid criticism.

It was long ago pointed out that one of the grossest abuses of administration is the appointment of country editors as postmasters. Such an open and direct subsidizing of the press has been denounced as it deserves. It is simple bribery, so far as honest and independent treatment of an administration is concerned. This truth was plainly stated by Mr. REID some years ago in a public address: "When there shall be no relation whatever between the government and the press, save honest publicity on the one hand and candid criticism on the other, our journalism at last will have planted itself on its true plane." The just relations of the press to an administration require also that editors shall take no part in recommendations for office. To do that is to solicit a favor, which, if it be granted, necessarily prevents honest criticism of the power that confers it. If the favor be refused, personal feelings and motives mingle with the editorial judgment of the unpropitious power.

From the nature of his occupation an editor must choose between his chair and public political office. His service to a party is rewarded by the power which the confidence of a party gives him of leading it to noble public achievements. Mr. BRYANT was one of the most influential editors in the country because of the public faith that his course was absolutely disinterested. Mr. GREELEY'S influence was fatally impaired from the moment that his desire of office was evident. We are not saying, of course, that political office is not a worthy object of ambition. In the English-speaking race such ambition is universal. But nevertheless its gratification is not compatible with a proper discharge of the editorial function. That Mr. REID would make an excellent Minister to France, and that personally the position would be delightful, we do not doubt; but that the honor and the pleasure would be bought at an immense cost of prestige and influence to the journal of which he is the editor is undeniable. To speak of his nomination as an honorable "recognition" of the press is as absurd as to say that General TRACY'S appointment as Secretary of the Navy is an honorable recognition of the bar.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE reception of the effort to raise money in New York and elsewhere to aid the National Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, in Texas, is very significant and very pleasant. There is undoubtedly a survival of the old political distrust of Southern ascendency which intelligent citizens of the Southern States understand as but natural. The dull sectional hostility, however, which appears in foolish campaign speeches does not exist, as closer observation shows. "General GRANT'S kindly feeling toward the Southern people, though they were once his enemies," writes Colonel GRANT to the secretary of the Relief Committee, "is Mrs. GRANT'S reason for sending the enclosed check. She wishes you success in your efforts."

This accords with General SHERMAN'S generous words, and with the letter of General CROOK, and the tone of the meeting at the Academy of Music, and with the letter of ex-President HAYES, enclosing a check. Mr. HAYES says that whatever can be done to add to the comfort of destitute soldiers of the lost cause "is surely in the pathway both of humanity and patriotism." This is the voice of the spirit which inspired the defence of the Union—a national, not a sectional spirit, which, maintaining the guarantees of liberty, cherishes no malevolence.

A correspondent who desires us to expose and denounce the wickedness of the Democrats in West Virginia, that he may be satisfied of our love of fair play, is evidently under the delusion that any word in regard to the Southern States which is not contemptuous and hostile shows a servile disposition. Our correspondent should make an effort to comprehend his country, and "to know the time of day." He is still groping in the Dark Ages. We are not fighting slavery now, nor waging the war for the Union. We are not trying to misunderstand, but to understand. Slavery is gone. The war is over. It is to-day, not yesterday. But here and there a Rip Van Winkle like our correspondent raises his head and hears with bewilderment that it is not the year 1859, but thirty years later.

## AN HONEST CAPITOL.

WHILE the Capitol of New York is a magnificent incubus upon the State, which, still unfinished, has already cost nearly five times the four millions of dollars which was the original estimate of its cost, the State of Georgia shows that in that part of the country honest public work is still possible, and that a Capitol can be built without becoming a colossal job. The new Capitol of Georgia, at Atlanta, has just been completed. The last payment was made on the last day of February, and the Building Commission has just closed its work, with a balance of $18 43 from the original appropriation of $1,000,000.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says, with just pride:

"We write deliberately and advisedly when we say that the building of this Capitol, from first to last, is the best public service rendered, its scope and limitations considered, to any State or to the government in our history. The record of jobbery and peculation that so often stains the doing of public work is put to shame by the work of this Commission. Georgia has, for less than one million dollars, a Capitol that in beauty, richness, and inspiring majesty equals the $3,000,000 Capitol of Texas or the $2,000,000 Capitol of Connecticut, and in convenience and efficiency clearly surpasses either. There is not only not a dishonest dollar in the building: there is not even a careless or ill-advised dollar."

The Commission was appointed by ex-Governor MCDANIEL, and, incredible as it must seem to the Albanian legislator and to the member of legislative committees of superintendence of ceilings and other public works, the members of the Commission dealt as honestly by the State as they could have dealt by themselves, and worked for the public good and not to raise an election fund. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that in Georgia there is higher respect entertained for public men, as such, than in the State of New York.

## THE LATEST NEWS OF PROHIBITION.

THE prohibitory movement has reached an interesting stage. It is a question of expediency, because the weight of intellectual public opinion is wholly in favor of a wise regulation of the liquor traffic, and the significance of certain recent events cannot be overlooked. In Rhode Island, where a prohibitory amendment to the constitution was passed two or three years ago, the Legislature has decided to submit to the voters the question of its repeal. In New Hampshire the proposition of such an amendment has been voted down by a decisive majority. In Massachusetts the opinions of well-known citizens who are prominent in all good works and of the most enlightened public spirit have been published, which reveal the sober and intelligent thought which will finally decide the question.

Among these opinions is that of Professor JAMES B. THAYER, of the Harvard Law School, which presents the question in a light which will be new to many of the earnest supporters of prohibitory amendments to constitutions. Professor THAYER shows the nature and purpose of such instruments, and in so doing reminds us of the unwisdom of ill considered, however well meaning, attempts to divert constitutions from their proper objects. Professor THAYER says (and his words are worthy of careful reflection):

"Our State constitutions, besides providing for the framework of government, the qualifications of electors, and the like, were made to be the guaranty and charter of a few simple, well-established, uncontroverted principles, lest in moments of passion or inadvertence, or under the temporary pressure of special interests, these should be disregarded. They were not made to be codes of laws, or to embody the opinion of a momentary majority upon an entirely unsettled question like this of the best way to deal with the drink question. The process of using constitutions in this way is a process of degradation from the example of our fathers."

The prohibitory amendment is not a declaration of fundamental principles; it is substantially a law. Its object can be as completely and more satisfactorily obtained by a law than by a constitutional provision, because opinion constantly changes upon the question of expediency of forms of restriction. Constitutional provisions should be fundamental, and not the subjects of constant agitation. But the best and sincerest temperance men are not, and never have been, and never can be, agreed that a particular method of regulation of the traffic, or its total destruction, may be regarded as a fundamental principle. It is especially a subject for law and not for constitutional provision. Professor THAYER in emphasizing this truth has performed a timely and important public service.

## PERSONAL.

MR. JOSEPH A. WILLARD, clerk of the Superior Civil Court at Boston, has seen forty-three consecutive years of court service, twenty-five of them being as clerk. He was a deputy-sheriff at the trial and execution of Professor WEBSTER for the murder of Dr. PARKMAN, and remembers well the exciting scenes attending the attempt to rescue the fugitive slave BURNS. Mr. WILLARD'S great-grandfather and grandfather were both Presidents of Harvard College, and his father was a professor there. While in office his grandfather had the honor of entertaining General WASHINGTON at the university. Mr. WILLARD is a well-preserved man of over seventy-five years.

—That grave and reverend body the United States Supreme Court has contributed two social sensations to the current of events at the national capital during the past fortnight. The first was the announcement of the engagement of Justice GRAY, of Massachusetts, the veteran bachelor of the bench, to Miss JEANNETTE, daughter of Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS, of Ohio, and the second the elopement of Chief-Justice FULLER'S fifth daughter, PAULINE, with a Chicago young man named AUBERY.

—The eldest daughter of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, Miss BERGLIOT, has just made her début as an opera singer at Paris. Her voice and dramatic talent are highly praised, and she is called very beautiful. She is nineteen years old.

—The selection of Miss MARY A. BRIGHAM as President of Mount Holyoke Seminary and College will remove a well-known and progressive educator from Brooklyn to Massachusetts. For twenty-seven years Miss BRIGHAM has been Associate Principal of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, and she has twice been offered the Presidency of Wellesley College. Once she was invited to a professorship at Smith College, and at different times she has been asked to take the Principalship of the institution from which she was graduated over forty years ago, and to which she now returns.

—Viscount MORI, the Japanese Minister of Education, who was assassinated at Tokio not long ago, seems to have been the victim of a religious fanatic, who imagined that the viscount had desecrated one of the shrines at Ise by entering it with his boots on. The assassin, after stabbing the Minister, was cut down and killed by a soldier.

—The three JAMES brothers of Hull, Massachusetts, well-known life-savers, have lost one of their number by the death of Captain ALBERTUS JAMES. He saved an entire family from drowning after he was seventy years old.

—ALVAN G. CLARK, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, the well-known telescope maker, is constructing a telescope with a forty-inch lens for the University of Southern California. The instrument is to cost $100,000, and will be placed on the top of Wilson's Peak, which is thirteen miles from Los Angeles. The lens will be four inches greater in diameter than that of the famous LICK telescope, and therefore the largest in the world.

—The once celebrated Cardiff giant, through which a great hoax was perpetrated on an easily deluded public, now rests in the garden adjoining an El Paso (Texas) saloon. It was sold some years ago to pay a board bill, and it is now being slowly chipped to pieces by relic-seekers. The breaking of one of the legs has exposed one of the number of iron rods which formed its frame.

—Congressman WILLIAM MCKINLEY is authority for the statement that $100,000 is being raised to endow a chair of protection at Yale College, through which the free-trade teachings of Professor WILLIAM G. SUMNER are to be combated. The iron men of Pittsburgh are said to be subscribing to the fund.

—Rev. BARTHOLOMEW EDWARDS, rector of Ashill, and the oldest clergyman in England, died recently at the age of one hundred years. From long practice he could go through the church service, including the Psalms, without having to refer to the prayer-book. He was widely known, and was in many respects a most remarkable man.

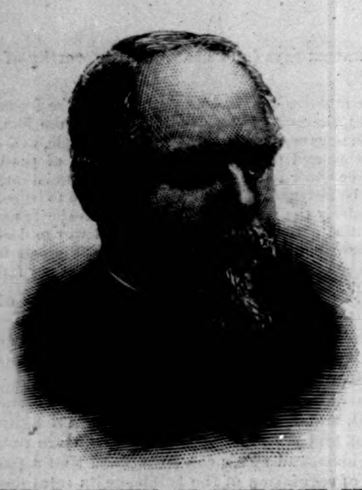
—The widow of RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, who died in this city of yellow-fever contracted in Florida, has been granted a civil-list pension of $500 a year, in pursuance of a memorial signed by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Crawford, Lord GRIMTHORPE, Professor TYNDALL, Professor HUXLEY, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and many other prominent Englishmen.

—R. BELLINGHAM, an engineer on the Great Northern Railway, in England, has just retired after forty years of service. He was a driver on the railway between Paris and Rouen, France, when the revolution broke out in 1848 and caused LOUIS PHILIPPE to flee, and drove the last train across the bridge over the Seine before that structure was burned by the mob. He has never met with a serious accident.

—Mrs. MARY HEMENWAY, who saved the Old South for Boston, has now succeeded in preserving the prehistoric ruin Casa Grande, in Arizona, by inducing Congress to set aside the land on which it stands, and appropriate $2000 for its restoration and protection.

—The Presbyterian church at Stillwater, New York, nearly a century old, had never had a wedding ceremony performed within its walls till the other evening, when WILLIAM H. KNIBBS and Miss CORA FERGUSON were married there.

—Rev. JOHN JASPER, the colored Richmond (Virginia) parson whose "de sun do move" sermon gave him a national reputation, is not if not sensational. Recently an allegorical wedding ceremony was performed in his church. Ten virgins with their lamps burning walked down the aisle to meet the groom at the door, and when the lamps of the five foolish virgins went out, they were summarily shown the door, and forced to wait outside until the ceremony was over. Meanwhile the five wise virgins escorted the groom up the aisle to meet the bride, while the choir sang "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."



CHARLES E. MITCHELL, OF CONNECTICUT, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFITT, NEW BRITAIN.

## WHITELAW REID.

THE new Minister to France has been a journalist since early manhood. All his active life has been devoted to political journalism. On the 27th of next October he will be fifty-two years old. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, and until after the war was closely associated with the military and political history of his native State. He was educated at Miami University, the college which graduated President HARRISON, but he became a newspaper editor and proprietor before he quitted that institution. It was the Xenia *News* which gave him the first opportunity to display his capacity for journalistic work, and his first public efforts were in behalf of the newly organized Republican party. Before he was entitled to a vote he made stump-speeches for JOHN C. FREMONT. Soon after his graduation he became the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and made so favorable an impression upon the editor of that paper that when the war broke out he was sent into the field. He was connected with the staff of General ROSECRANS, but it was to facilitate his work as a war correspondent. He was also with the Army of the Cumberland. His letters, over the *nom de plume* "Agate," attracted a good deal of attention and some controversy. In 1863, when his office was in Washington, he was chosen Librarian of the House of Representatives. His letters from the field and the capital made the basis of a book called *Ohio in the War*, which appeared in 1868. Before that, in 1866, he had published a book entitled *After the War*, in which was embodied his experiences as a cotton-planter in Louisiana. He was not engaged in this vocation long. He found it unprofitable and the social atmosphere uncongenial. He came to New York to be an editorial writer on the *Tribune* after the publication of his last book. At this time Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG was the managing editor of the paper, but he left in 1869, and Mr. REID succeeded him. From that time until Mr. GREELEY'S death he had the confidence of his chief. When Mr. GREELEY was the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for the Presidency Mr. REID had control of the *Tribune*. After the death of the founder an effort was made by some capitalists to secure the property for the purpose of making Vice-President COLFAX the editor-in-chief, but the friends of Mr. REID were successful, and the latter remained in command. Under his management the famous building with the tall tower was constructed, and in a short time the *Tribune* once more was a strong Republican organ. Of late years it has been especially strong in its support of Mr. BLAINE—a fact which undoubtedly accounts for Mr. REID'S selection for a first-class mission. In 1881 Mr. REID married the daughter of Mr. D. O. MILLS, the California millionaire. He, his wife, and his brother-in-law now own a large majority of the *Tribune* stock. The new Minister is possessed of abundant means to maintain the social traditions which were established by Mr. and Mrs. MORTON.

## JOHN CHALFONT NEW.

THE new Consul-General to London is a townsfellow and has been a vigorous and loyal supporter of the President in all the latter's political campaigns. Mr. NEW is now rewarded with one of the richest plums in the gift of the President, for the Consulate-General of London, by reason of the great business done between England and the United States, and the peculiar national laws of the United Kingdom, brings a great deal of money to its incumbent. Mr. NEW is one of the most efficient and one of the ablest of modern politicians. He has conducted a number of campaigns, and he was especially active in the GARFIELD canvass as chairman of the Indiana Republican State Committee. He was born at Vernon, in Indiana, in 1831, but was educated in Virginia, being graduated at Bethany College when he was twenty years old. After leaving college he studied law, but if he was ever admitted to the bar he has not practised. He has made his way and won his reputation as a business man and a politician. He first showed his capacity as an organizer during the war, when he was Quartermaster-General of Indiana. The only elective office he has held is that of State Senator. He was financial secretary of Governor OLIVER P. MORTON, and in 1865 went into the business of banking, in partnership with WILLIAM H. ENGLISH. He helped to establish the First National Bank of Indianapolis, and was first its cashier and then its president. He was appointed United States Treasurer by GRANT in 1875, being the immediate successor of General FRANCIS E. SPINNER. He resigned this office in 1876, and in 1878 purchased the Indianapolis *Journal*. His connection with newspaper work has, however, been as a business manager and publisher rather than as a writer, although he has been nominally the editor of his paper. In 1882 Mr. ARTHUR appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he resigned that office also. Mr. NEW'S business affairs seem always to have been of so engrossing a character as to make it impossible for him to remain in public office. He is one of the men who love to solve the problems of a political campaign. He conducted Mr. HARRISON'S canvasses for Senator and for the nomination for the Presidency. Personally he is a frank, pleasant, approachable man, apparently communicative, but really reticent, and he is popular among those who know him best and whose society he cultivates.

## THE LATE STANLEY MATTHEWS.

STANLEY MATTHEWS, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in Washington on March 22d, after an illness extending over a year. He had suffered severely from several attacks of indigestion and muscular rheumatism, but the final attack related to the heart and kidneys. Mr. MATTHEWS'S elevation to the Supreme Court bench occurred early in the administration of President GARFIELD, and created wide discussion at the time. He was originally nominated by President HAYES late in January, 1881. Very strong opposition to his confirmation was at once shown in the East, and the Senate committee to which the nomination was referred was hostile to it. Every effort was resorted to by his friends to bring the nomination to a vote before the close of President HAYES'S term, but the Judiciary Committee declined to aid them, and thus the nomination failed with the adjournment of Congress. When President GARFIELD had come into office he sent in again the name of Mr. MATTHEWS. This was on March 15th. It led to a renewal of the former bitter controversy, extending until the 12th of the following May, when he was confirmed by a vote of 24 to 23.

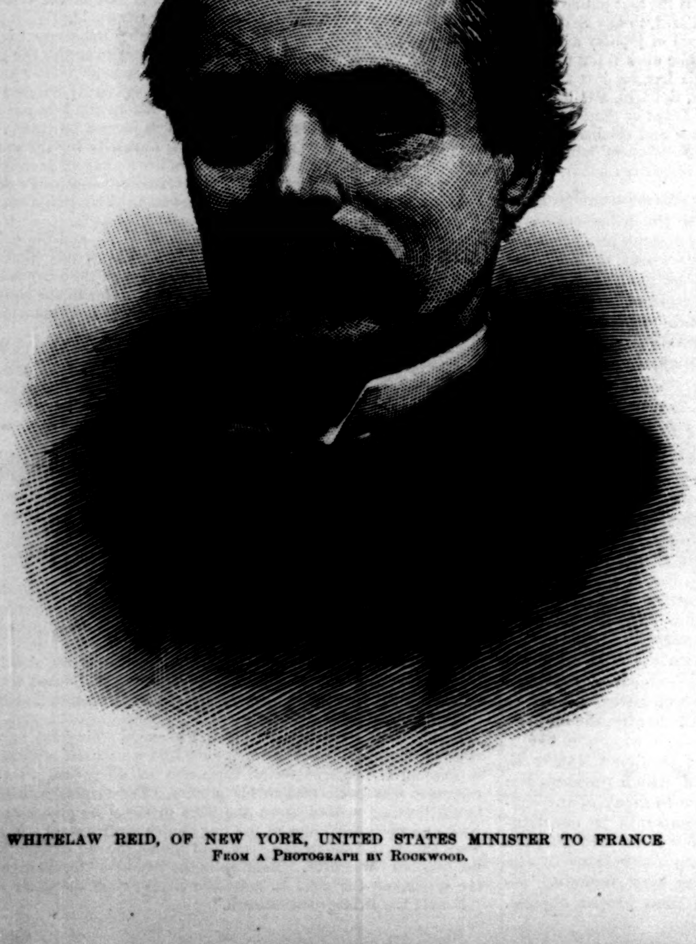
The career of Mr. MATTHEWS previous to this time had been an active though varied one. Born at Cincinnati in 1824, and graduated at Kenyon College in 1840, he practised law for a time in Tennessee and then in Cincinnati, and for a time he edited an anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati. He was now a pronounced abolitionist. For three years he served as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati, and in 1855 he became a State Senator. Three years later he was made United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Ohio. The appointment was made by President BUCHANAN.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. MATTHEWS resigned his office and joined the Republican party. He also joined the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, of which ROSECRANS was Colonel and RUTHERFORD B. HAYES Major. He was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel, and served in the army until 1863, when he returned home and was elected a Judge. Mr. MATTHEWS was a Presidential elector in 1864 and 1868, and in 1877 was chosen to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by JOHN SHERMAN'S entry into the HAYES cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

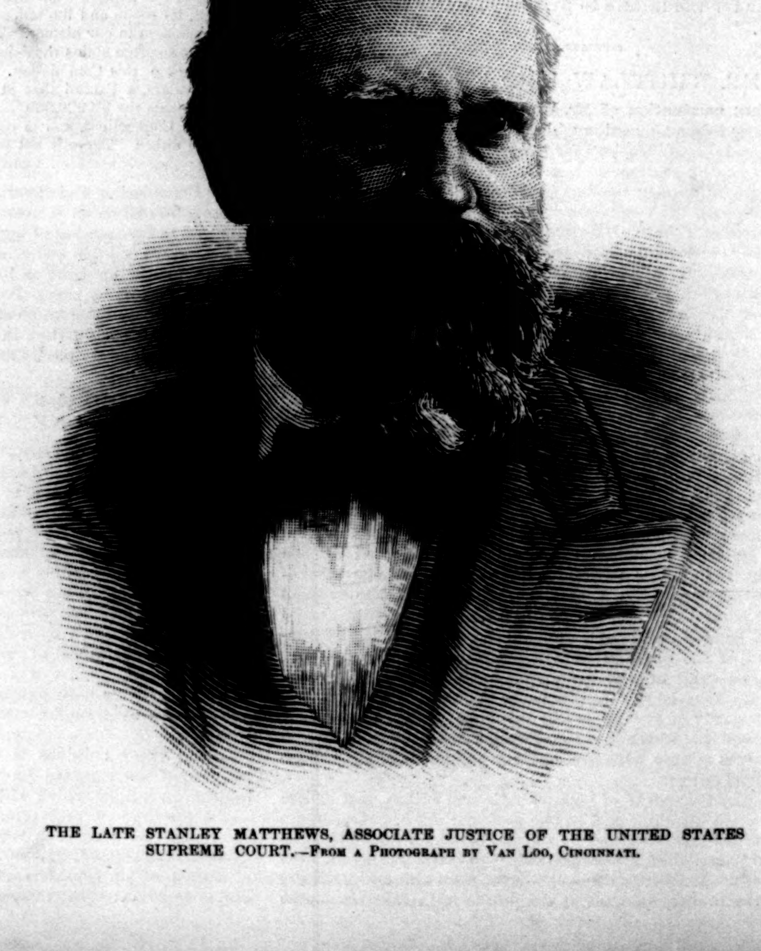
JOHN C. NEW, OF INDIANA, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT LONDON, ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.

## THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

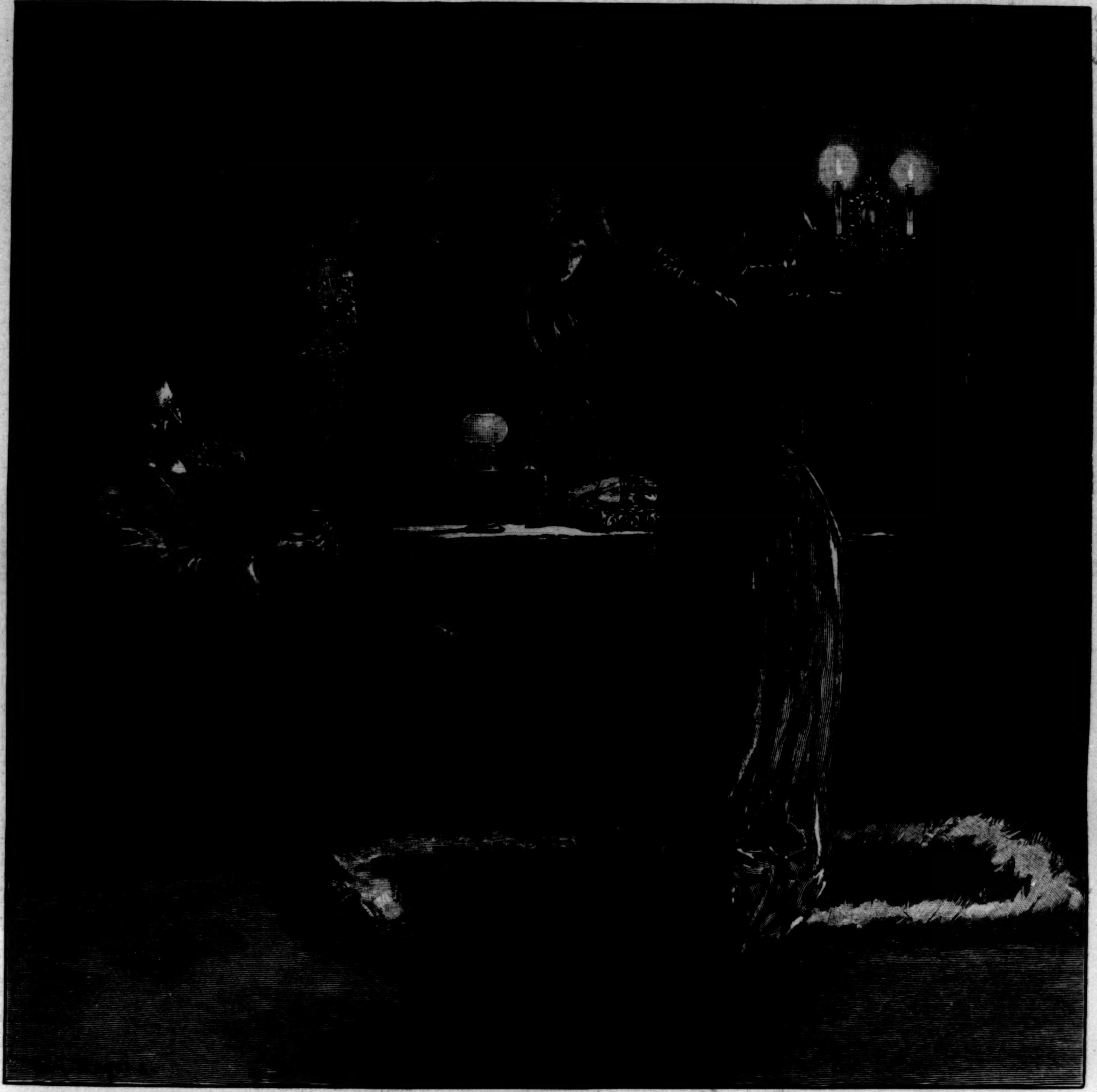
THE Hon. CHARLES E. MITCHELL, of New Britain, Connecticut, the newly appointed Commissioner of Patents, is a native of Bristol, in that State. He was born in 1837, and after receiving his preparatory education at Williston Academy, he graduated at Brown University in the class of 1861, and at the Albany Law School in 1864. Beginning the practice of his profession in New Britain, he soon attained prominence in a department of law for which his special studies had well qualified him, and the opportunities for which were frequent in a busy manufacturing city like New Britain. He soon gained a high reputation as a patent lawyer, his practice being chiefly confined to the United States courts, and the firm of MITCHELL & HUNGERFORD has been well known throughout the United States. His professional duties have absorbed most of his time, and he has found it necessary to decline a number of opportunities to enter public life. But he has represented New Britain in the General Assembly of Connecticut in 1880 and 1881. During the session of the former year he was House chairman of the Committee on Incorporations, and succeeded in carrying through an important measure, that of the redrafting of the joint-stock laws of the State.



WHITELAW REID, OF NEW YORK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.



THE LATE STANLEY MATTHEWS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LOO, CINCINNATI.



*"When he went to her room from his library, he found her before the glass thoughtfully removing the first dismantling pin from her back hair."*

# A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## PART FIRST.

### III.

MARCH'S face had sobered more and more as she followed one hopeful burst with another, and now it expressed a positive pain. But he forced a smile, and said: "There's a little condition attached. Where did you suppose it was to be published?"

"Why, in Boston, of course. Where else should it be published?"

She looked at him for the intention of his question so searchingly that he quite gave up the attempt to be gay about it. "No," he said, gravely; "it's to be published in New York."

She fell back in her chair. "In New York?" She leaned forward over the table toward him, as if to make sure that she heard aright, and said, with all the keen reproach that he could have expected: "*In New York*, Basil! Oh, how *could* you have let me go on?"

He had a sufficiently rueful face in owning, "I oughtn't to have done it, but I got started wrong. I couldn't help putting the best foot forward at first—or as long as the whole thing was in the air. I didn't know that you would take so much to the general enterprise, or else I should have mentioned the New York condition at once; but of course that puts an end to it."

"Oh, of course," she assented, sadly. "We *couldn't* go to New York."

"No, I know that," he said; and with this a perverse desire to tempt her to the impossibility awoke in him, though he was really quite cold about the affair himself now. "Fulkerson thought we could get a nice flat in New York for about what the interest and taxes come to here, and provisions are cheaper. But I should rather not experiment at my time of life. If I could have been caught younger, I might have been inured to New York, but I don't believe I could stand it now."

"How I hate to have you talk that way, Basil! You are young enough to try anything—anywhere; but you know I don't like New York. I don't approve of it. It's so *big*, and *so* hideous! Of course I shouldn't mind that; but I've always lived in Boston, and the children were born and have all their friendships and associations here." She added, with the helplessness that discredited her good sense and did her injustice, "I have just got them both into the Friday afternoon class at Papanti's, and you know how difficult that is."

March could not fail to take advantage of an occasion like this. "Well, that alone ought to settle it. Under the circumstances it would be flying in the face of Providence to leave Boston. The mere fact of a brilliant opening like that offered me on *The Microbe*, and the halcyon future which Fulkerson promises if we'll come to New York, is as dust in the balance against the advantages of the Friday afternoon class."

"Basil," she appealed, solemnly, "have I ever interfered with your career?"

"I never had any for you to interfere with, my dear."

"Basil! Haven't I always had faith in you? And don't you suppose that if I thought it would really be for your advancement, I would go to New York or anywhere with you?"

"No, my dear, I don't," he teased. "If it would be for my salvation, yes, perhaps; but not short of that; and I should have to prove by a cloud of witnesses that it would. I don't blame you. I wasn't born in Boston, but I understand how you feel. And really, my dear," he added, without irony, "I never seriously thought of asking you to go to New York. I *was* dazzled by Fulkerson's offer, I'll own that; but his choice of me as editor sapped my confidence in him."

"I don't like to hear you say that, Basil," she entreated.

"Well, of course there were mitigating circumstances. I could see that Fulkerson meant to keep the whip-hand himself, and that was reassuring. And besides, if the Reciprocity Life should happen not to want my services any longer, it wouldn't be quite like giving up a certainty; though, as a matter of business, I let Fulkerson get that impression; I felt rather sneaking to do it. But, if the worst comes to the worst, I can look about for something to do in Boston; and, anyhow, people don't starve on two thousand a year, though it's convenient to have five. The fact is, I'm too old to change so radically. If you don't like my saying that, then *you* are, Isabel, and so are the children. I've no right to take them from the home we've made, and to change the whole course of their lives, unless I can assure them of something, and I can't assure them of anything. Boston is big enough for us, and it's certainly prettier than New York. I always feel a little proud of hailing from Boston; my pleasure in the place mounts the farther I get away from it. But I do appreciate it, my dear. I've no more desire to leave it than you have. You may be sure that if you don't want to take the children out of the Friday afternoon class, I don't want to leave my library here, and all the ways I've got set in. We'll keep on. Very likely the company won't supplant me; and if it does, and Watkins gets the place, he'll give me a subordinate position of some sort. Cheer up, Isabel! I have put Satan and his angel, Fulkerson, behind

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

me, and it's all right. Let's go in to the children."

He came round the table to Isabel, where she sat in a growing distraction, and lifted her by the waist from her chair.

She sighed deeply. "Shall we tell the children about it?"

"No. What's the use, now?"

"There wouldn't be any," she assented. When they entered the family room, where the boy and girl sat on either side of the lamp working out the lessons for Monday which they had left over from the day before, she asked, "Children, how would you like to live in New York?"

Bella made haste to get in her word first. "And give up the Friday afternoon class?" she wailed.

Tom growled from his book, without lifting his eyes: "I shouldn't want to go to Columbia. They haven't got any dormitories, and you have to board round anywhere. Are you going to New York?" He now deigned to look up at his father.

"No, Tom. You and Bella have decided me against it. Your perspective shows the affair in its true proportions. I had an offer to go to New York, but I've refused it."

IV.

March's irony fell harmless from the children's preoccupation with their own affairs, but he knew that his wife felt it, and this added to the bitterness which prompted it. He blamed her for letting her provincial narrowness prevent his accepting Fulkerson's offer quite as much as if he had otherwise entirely wished to accept it. His world, like most worlds, had been superficially a disappointment. He was no richer than at the beginning, though in marrying he had given up some tastes, some preferences, some aspirations, in the hope of indulging them later, with larger means and larger leisure. His wife had not urged him to do it; in fact, her pride, as she said, was in his fitness for the life he had renounced; but she had acquiesced, and they had been very happy together. That is to say, they made up their quarrels or ignored them.

They often accused each other of being selfish and indifferent, but she knew that he would always sacrifice himself for her and the children; and he, on his part, with many gibes and mockeries, wholly trusted in her. They had grown practically tolerant of each other's disagreeable traits; and the danger that really threatened them was that they should grow too well satisfied with themselves, if not with each other. They were not sentimental, they were rather matter-of-fact in their motives; but they had both a sort of humorous fondness for sentimentality. They liked to play with the romantic, from the safe vantage-ground of their real practicality, and to divine the poetry of the commonplace. Their peculiar point of view separated them from most other people, with whom their means of self-comparison were not so good since their marriage as before. Then they had travelled and seen much of the world, and they had formed tastes which they had not always been able to indulge, but of which they felt that the possession reflected distinction on them. It enabled them to look down upon those who were without such tastes; but they were not ill-natured, and so they did not look down so much with contempt as with amusement. In their unfashionable neighborhood they had the fame of being not exclusive precisely, but very much wrapt up in themselves and their children.

Mrs. March was reputed to be very cultivated, and Mr. March even more so, among the simpler folk around them. Their house had some good pictures, which her aunt had brought home from Europe in more affluent days, and it abounded in books on which he spent more than he ought. They had beautified it in every way, and had unconsciously taken credit to themselves for it. They felt, with a glow almost of virtue, how perfectly it fitted their lives and their children's, and they believed that somehow it expressed their characters—that it was like them. They went out very little; she remained shut up in its refinement, working the good of her own; and he went to his business, and hurried back to forget it, and dream his dream of intellectual achievement in the flattering atmosphere of her sympathy. He could not conceal from himself that his divided life was somewhat like Charles Lamb's, and there were times when, as he had expressed to Fulkerson, he believed that its division was favorable to the freshness of his interest in literature. It certainly kept it a high privilege, a sacred refuge. Now and then he wrote something, and got it printed after long delays, and when they met on the St. Lawrence, Fulkerson had some of March's verses in his pocket-book, which he had cut out of a stray newspaper and carried about for years, because they pleased his fancy so much; they formed an immediate bond of union between the men when their authorship was traced and owned, and this gave a pretty color of romance to their acquaintance. But, for the most part, March was satisfied to read. He was proud of reading critically, and he kept in the current of literary interests and controversies. It all seemed to him, and to his wife at second-hand, very meritorious; he could not help contrasting his life and its inner elegance with that of other men who had no such resources. He thought that he was not arrogant about it, because he did full justice to the good qualities of those other people; he congratulated himself upon the democratic instincts which enabled him to do this; and neither he nor his wife supposed that they were selfish persons. On the contrary, they were very sympathetic; there was no good cause that they did not wish well; they had a generous scorn of all kinds of narrow-heartedness; if it had ever come into their way to sacrifice themselves for others, they thought they would have done so, but they never asked why it had not come in their way. They were very gentle and kind, even when most elusive; and they taught their children to loathe all manner of social cruelty. March was of so watchful a conscience in some respects that he denied himself the pensive pleasure of lapsing into the melancholy of unfulfilled aspirations; but he did not see that if he had abandoned them, it had been for what he held dearer; generally he felt as if he had turned from them with a high altruistic aim. The practical expression of his life was that it was enough to provide well for his family; to have cultivated tastes, and to gratify them to the extent of his means; to be rather distinguished, even in the simplification of his desires. He believed, and his wife believed, that if the time ever came when he really wished to make a sacrifice to the fulfilment of the aspirations so long postponed, she would be ready to join with heart and hand.

When he went to her room from his library, where she left him the whole evening with the children, he found her before the glass thoughtfully removing the first dismantling pin from her back hair.

"I can't help feeling," she grieved into the mirror, "that it's I who keep you from accepting that offer. I know it is! I could go West with you, or into a new country—anywhere; but New York terrifies me. I don't like New York; I never did; it disheartens and distracts me; I can't find myself in it; I shouldn't know how to shop. I know I'm foolish and narrow and provincial," she went on; "but I could never have any inner quiet in New York; I couldn't live in the spirit there. I suppose people do. It can't be that all those millions—"

"Oh, not so bad as that!" March interposed, laughing. "There aren't quite two."

"I thought there were four or five. Well, no matter. You see what I am, Basil. I'm terribly limited. I couldn't make my sympathies go round two million people; I should be wretched. I suppose I'm standing in the way of your highest interest, but I can't help it. We took each other for better or worse, and you must try to bear with me—" She broke off and began to cry.

"*Stop* it!" shouted March. "I tell you I never cared anything for Fulkerson's scheme, or entertained it seriously, and I shouldn't if he'd proposed to carry it out in Boston." This was not quite true; but in the retrospect it seemed sufficiently so for the purposes of argument. "Don't say another word about it. The thing's over now, and I don't want to think of it any more. We couldn't change its nature if we talked all night. But I want you to understand that it isn't your limitations that are in the way. It's mine. I shouldn't have the courage to take such a place; I don't think I'm fit for it; and that's the long and short of it."

"Oh, you don't know how it hurts me to have you say that, Basil."

The next morning, as they sat together at breakfast, without the children, whom they let lie late on Sunday, Mrs. March said to her husband, silent over his fish-balls and baked beans: "We will go to New York. I've decided it."

"Well, it takes two to decide that," March retorted. "We are not going to New York."

"Yes, we are. I've thought it out. Now listen."

"Oh, I'm willing to listen," he consented, airily.

"You've always wanted to get out of the insurance business, and now with that fear of being turned out which you have, you mustn't neglect this offer. I suppose it has its risks, but it's a risk keeping on as we are; and perhaps you will make a great success of it. I do want you to try, Basil. If I could once feel that you had fairly seen what you could do in literature, I should die happy."

"Not immediately after, I hope," he suggested, taking the second cup of coffee she had been pouring out for him. "And Boston?"

"We needn't make a complete break. We can keep this place for the present, anyway; we could let it for the winter, and come back in the summer next year. It would be change enough from New York."

"Fulkerson and I hadn't got as far as to talk of a vacation."

"No matter. The children and I could come. And if you didn't like New York, or the enterprise failed, you could get into something in Boston again; and we have enough to live on till you did. Yes, Basil, I'm going."

"I can see by the way your chin trembles that nothing could stop you. *You* may go to New York if you *wish*, Isabel, but I shall stay here."

"Be serious, Basil! I'm in earnest."

"Serious? If I were any more serious I should shed tears. Come, my dear, I know what you mean, and if I had my heart set on this thing—Fulkerson always calls it 'this thing'—I would cheerfully accept any sacrifice you could make to it. But I'd rather not offer you up on a shrine I don't feel any particular faith in. I'm very comfortable where I am; that is, I know just where the pinch comes, and if it comes harder, why, I've got used to bearing that kind of pinch. I'm too old to change pinches."

"Now that *does* decide me."

"It decides me too."

"I will take all the responsibility, Basil," she pleaded.

"Oh yes; but you'll hand it back to me as soon as you've carried your point with it. There's nothing mean about you, Isabel, where responsibility is concerned. No; if I do this thing—Fulkerson again! I can't get away from 'this thing'; it's ominous—I must do it because I want to do it, and not because you wish that you wanted me to do it. I understand your position, Isabel, and that you're really acting from a generous impulse, but there's nothing so precarious at our time of life as a generous impulse. When we were younger we could stand it; we could give way to it and take the consequences. But now we can't bear it. We must act from cold reason even in the ardor of self-sacrifice."

"Oh, as if you did that!" his wife retorted.

"Is that any cause why you shouldn't?" She could not say that it was, and he went on triumphantly: "No, I won't take you away from the only safe place on the planet, and plunge you into the most perilous, and then have you say in your revulsion of feeling that you were all against it from the first, and you gave way because you saw I had my heart set on it." He supposed he was treating the matter humorously, but in this sort of banter between husband and wife there is always much more than the joking. March had seen some pretty feminine inconsistencies and trepidations which once charmed him in his wife hardening into traits of middle age, which were very like those of less interesting older women. The sight moved him with a kind of pathos, but he felt the result hindering and vexatious.

She now retorted that if he did not choose to take her at her word he need not, but that whatever he did she should have nothing to reproach herself with; and, at least, he could not say that she had trapped him into anything.

"What do you mean by trapping?" he demanded.

"I don't know what *you* call it," she answered; "but when you get me to commit myself to a thing by leaving out the most essential point, *I* call it trapping."

"I wonder you stop at trapping, if you think I got you to favor Fulkerson's scheme and then sprung New York on you. I don't suppose you do, though. But I guess we won't talk about it any more."

He went out for a long walk, and she went to her room. They lunched silently together in the presence of their children, who knew that they had been quarrelling, but were easily indifferent to the fact, as children get to be in such cases; nature defends their youth, and the unhappiness which they behold does not infect them. In the evening, after the boy and girl had gone to bed, the father and mother resumed their talk. He would have liked to take it up at the point from which it wandered into hostilities, for he felt it lamentable that a matter which so seriously concerned them should be confused in the fumes of senseless anger; and he was willing to make a tacit acknowledgment of his own error by recurring to the question, but she would not be content with this, and he had to concede explicitly to her weakness that she really meant it when she had asked him to accept Fulkerson's offer. He said he knew that; and he began soberly to talk over their prospects in the event of their going to New York.

"Oh, I see you are going!" she twitted.

"I'm going to stay," he answered, "and let them turn me out of my agency here!" and in this bitterness their talk ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FLORIDIAN CHAUTAUQUAS.

FLORIDIAN Chautauquas are purely American institutions. They are legitimate outgrowths from the first of their kind, established some years ago by the versatile Bishop J. H. Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Hon. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, on the banks of Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. Originally intended to subserve the interests of Sunday-schools, the interdenominational progenitor has long since outgrown its primitive ideal, and now, with characteristic audacity, claims to be a university. The progeny—fifty of them, more or less—are not slow in imitating the parental example. Amusing in this respect as they may be to conservative spectators, they are none the less doing royal service in popular education. The fruits of their labor are manifest in increased thirst for knowledge, and growing capacity to meet the demands of nineteenth-century patriotism. Fishing, boating, and hunting are held to be perfectly compatible with their *curricula* of study, and, with frequent tent life, to do as much for physical culture as the studies themselves for mental culture during the brief weeks of annual convention.

That Florida should have its Chautauquas is a logical conclusion, from its Italian climate and crowds of nervous visitors. These are chiefly of the professional classes, no small proportion being ministerial. To such, sympathy, action, and aim are necessities. Through them the De Funiak Chautauqua in West Florida sprang into being five years ago. The singularly beautiful lake, circular in shape, pellucid in water, swarming with fish, and accessible from all quarters, offered all the joy of a new discovery. South Florida, with its chain of peaceful basins and fragrant groves of lime and orange, held out equal attractions, and the Mount Dora Chautauqua followed in due sequence. The middle of the State, not to be outdone by other sections, also initiated a Chautauqua at Lake Weir. To say which is the finest locality would be a mistake equal to that of Paris in deciding the disputed question of feminine beauty. All are as intellectually and morally lovely, under the circumstances, as reasonable people can well desire.

Winter residents and visitors from the Northern States and from other lands, citizens to the manor born, and local members of professional classes find Chautauquas to be agreeable variations from the depressing monotony of life. They bring diverse coteries together, rub off the edges of eccentricity, reveal lovable qualities in differing denominational households, strengthen affectional ties, and foster normal Christian evolution. But these results are merely incidental to the accomplishment of what are professedly the principal objects, namely, the acquisition of Biblical, literary, and scientific knowledge, higher style and quality of Sunday-school instruction, more enlightened interest in secular education, and particularly in free common schools. Directly, the greater benefit should inure to the South; indirectly, the entire republic will be the gainer.

"A wise and judicious system of general education" is held by all statesmen to be essential to the welfare of the people. The division among the States in 1836 of the national surplus of $26,000,000 was one of the activities of this opinion; the non-political, educational beneficences of the great religious denominations in the Southern section since the Civil War are other expressions of it. Military necessity in 1863 emancipated nearly 4,000,000 illiterate slaves, and political necessity subsequently converted them into citizens with sovereign power. Since then the tide of immigration has enormously augmented in volume, and yearly introduces multitudes of foreign illiterates from under inferior forms of civilization into all districts, and notably into all cities, of the United States. Emancipate and immigrant, as a rule, are hopelessly unlettered and ignorant. The hope of the future is in their children. Experience has demonstrated that these are best purified and Americanized in our common schools, and thus prepared to become the firm supporters of civil and religious freedom.

But the Southern States have not the ability, even if the wish were universal, to maintain an efficient system of free public schools. The Rev. Dr. A. G. Haygood, agent of the Slater Fund, wrote on the 24th of November, 1887, from Decatur, Ga., that "the South is not able to carry its double burden of ignorance and poverty," that it is not prosperous "outside a few cities," and that "illiteracy outgrows wealth." The Rev. Dr. Curry, formerly prominent as agent of the Peabody School Fund, and recently Minister to Spain, is one of the highest authorities on educational affairs in the South. "Nearly one-half of the white children," he says, "and more than one-half of the colored are growing up without educational advantages." "The South had, in 1870, 4,189,972 illiterates, and in 1880, 4,741,173—an increase of over one half-million in spite of the educational activities of the intermediate ten years. . . . The total number of voting males in the South in 1880 was 4,119,908, and of these 1,363,844 were illiterate. Thirty-three and one-tenth per cent. of the voters in the South are illiterate. Of the illiterate, sixty-nine and eight-tenths per cent. are colored, and thirty and two-tenths per cent. are white. It is especially significant that these figures show an increase of illiterate voters in the last decade." Eight per cent. of our white voters, and sixty-nine per cent. of the colored, according to General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, are illiterate. In eleven States the illiterate voters outnumber the literates of any one party. The States in which citizens of colored birth preponderate, and also Texas, are in the worst predicament; and these States are also among the most solicitous, if not the most wishful, for an efficient public-school system. Many ex-slave-holders advocate it. The negroes desiderate it. Opponents of free schools rarely, if ever, receive their votes.

Florida in 1881–2 reported 97,224 children of school age, between the years of six and twenty-one. Of these, three counties not heard from, 51,945 were enrolled in the public schools. The average daily attendance, twelve counties not reporting, was 24,923. The number of schools was 1239, and the estimated value of school property $89,698. Of the teachers, 678 were men, and 448 women. The salaries of these, together with all other expenditures for schools, aggregated in the sum of $133,260. The public-school system of Florida is continuously improving, as might be expected from the augmenting influx of Northern men and capital. But it needs more than the windowless log school-houses and yearly three months school terms, of which it has its full share, more than its Common-School Fund supplemented by special and county taxes, more than its public high-schools and State Normal School, organized in 1880, to supply by thorough instruction the wants of its future citizens. The latter are in similar position to that of a shepherd dog said to have been discovered by a railroad magnate in a twelve foot square log grist-mill, situated on the Atlantic and Pensacola Railroad, licking up the entire product as it issued with wondrous slowness from the meal spout, and *barking for more;* and also able, according to the owner, to continue the deglutitive feat indefinitely, if it did not die of starvation during the process. The most urgent destitution is on the United States Naval Reservation at Warrington, where fully four hundred children are growing up without any public education. Florida declines to make any provision for them, because of alleged lack of jurisdiction; and the general government also declines, on the ground that most of them are children of squatters. That they are human beings and possible voters has not hitherto incited to any attempt for their relief.

What the winter Chautauquas are doing in Florida for the educational needs of that and sister States may be estimated by the numbers and character of those in attendance, and from the quality of the teaching bestowed by the Sunday-school experts and other lecturers engaged for that purpose. Notwithstanding unusually rainy weather in the latter half of February, 1888, the concourse at Mount Dora was of decidedly encouraging size, and notably composed of the class which furnishes the vanguard of progress to every community. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Principal of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, then and afterward at De Funiak, justified his high reputation as a successful normal teacher and assembly conductor; Dr. Lyman Abbott sustained himself quite as ably as in the editorial chair of the *Christian Union*, or in the pulpit once filled by Henry Ward Beecher. Instructors and lecturers were of various sects, but met on common ground, and with such marked resemblance in doctrinal deliverance that an ordinary layman would have found it difficult, in the absence of any special

avowal, to guess of what family in the spiritual Israel any one was a leader. At De Funiak similar characteristics were apparent. The drollery of Sam Jones as he told the congregation how to "get there" was among the special enticements, as were also the illustrated lectures of Davidson on European travel, of Von Finkelstein on the East, of De Motte on science, Young on biography, McClintock on the American poets, Bishop Mallalieu on "Bunyan," and Haygood on popular education. Select, dramatic, humorous, and dialect readings enlivened the programme. If patrons were not called upon to endure a single dull thing, if all were fresh and bright and strong, the praise in large measure must accrue to the manager, Doctor Gillette, and his able coadjutors.

Already the Floridian Chautauquas have quickened the interest and enlarged the scope of Biblical and secular studies in the South, discredited superficiality and prompted to thorough acquisition, imparted greater aptitude to teaching, infused warmer zeal into the work of public education, and pioneered the way to higher culture, while doing much toward the creation of national sentiment and patriotic passion. Northern participants seem to find the work, free from dissipation and extravagance as it is, very enjoyable, notwithstanding a few drawbacks. "There *are not* any more scorpions, red-bugs, snakes, or alligators than in the interior," asserts an ingenuous sea-side editor; and the interior knight of the quill is no less certain that there are no more of these creatures in his section than on the coast. Both admit that they are "thar," and confess to the exceptional apparition of gnats, sand-fleas, and mosquitoes, but these pests are always worse somewhere else. Any one who has seen Dr. Vedder's collection of *reptilia* at St. Augustine might well pray for the advent of another Patrick, could he but do for the peninsula what the beloved saint is currently reported to have done for "Ould Oireland." But these unpleasantnesses are, after all, more than compensated by the marvellous variety of rich and dainty fruits, of game and fish, crustaceans and mollusks, flowers and fragrance, and above all by the air that in winter exhilarates like nectar, and converts mere animal existence into effervescent gladness.

Independently of the educational good wrought out by the Floridian Chautauquas, there are other factors of their preservation and growth that may not be ignored. Florida is one of the most expensive States in the Union to travellers and visitors, but this has hitherto plenished the pockets of thrifty inhabitants. Chautauquas swell the incoming volume of guests, enrich the bank accounts of railroads, steamers, hostelries, and merchants, bring capital that seeks investment, help to "boom" real estate, and spice the lives that otherwise would be wearisomely insipid.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

## ADA REHAN.

In browsing over the fragrant evergreen pages of CIBBER'S delightful book about the stage, and especially in reflecting upon the beautiful and brilliant women who, drawn by his magic pencil, dwell there, perpetual, in life, color, and charm, the reflective reader may perhaps be prompted to remember that the royal line of stage beauties is not extinct, and that stage heroines exist in the present day who are quite as well worthy of commemoration as any that graced the period of CHARLES the Second or of good Queen ANNE. Our age, indeed, has no CIBBER to describe their loveliness and celebrate their achievements; but surely, if he were living at this hour, that courtly, characteristic, and gracious writer—who saw so clearly and could portray so well the peculiarities of the feminine nature—would not deem the period of ELLEN TERRY and MADGE KENDAL, of MARY ANDERSON and ADA REHAN, of SARAH BERNHARDT and HELENA MODJESKA, of CLARA MORRIS and JANE HADING and LILLY LANGTRY, unworthy of his pen. As often as Fancy ranges over these bright names and others that are kindred with them—a glittering sisterhood of charms and talents—the regret must arise that no literary artist with just the gallant spirit, the chivalry, the sensuous appreciation, the fine insight, and the pictorial touch of old CIBBER is extant to perpetuate their glory. The hand that sketched ELIZABETH BARRY so as to make her live forever in a few brief lines, the hand that drew the fascinating and memorable portrait of SUSANNA MOUNTFORT ("Down goes her dainty diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions")—what might it not have done to preserve for the knowledge of future generations the queens of the theatre who are crowned and regnant to-day! CIBBER could have caught and reflected, for example, the elusive charm of such an actress as ADA REHAN. No touch less adroit and felicitous than his can accomplish more than the suggestion of her peculiar allurement, her originality, and her fascinating because sympathetic and piquant mental and physical characteristics.

*ADA REHAN, born at Limerick, Ireland, on April 22, 1860, was brought to America when five years old, and at that time she lived and went to school in Brooklyn. No one of her progenitors was ever upon the stage, nor does it appear that she was predisposed to that avocation by early reading or training. Her elder sisters had adopted that pursuit, and perhaps she was thus impelled toward it by the force of example and domestic association, readily affecting her innate latent faculty for the dramatic art. Her first appearance on the stage was made at Newark, New Jersey, in 1874, in a play entitled *Across the Continent*, by Mr. EDWARD SPENCER, in which, under the direction of her brother-in-law, Mr. OLIVER DOUD BYRON, she acted a small part, for one night only, to fill the place of a performer who had been suddenly disabled by illness. Her readiness and her positive talent were clearly revealed in this effort, and it was thereupon determined in the family council that she should proceed; so she was soon regularly embarked upon the life of an actress. Her first appearance on the New York stage was made a little later (in 1874) at Wood's Museum, now Daly's Theatre (1889), when she played a small part with Mr. O. D. BYRON in a piece called *Thorough-bred*. During two or three subsequent seasons she played in Albany, and she was likewise associated for some time with theatres in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Louisville. This part of her career involved professional endeavors in company with the wandering stars, and she acted in a variety of plays with EDWIN BOOTH, ADELAIDE NEILSON, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, Mrs. BOWERS, LAWRENCE BARRETT, and JOHN T. RAYMOND. From the first she was devotedly fond of Shakespeare, and all the Shakespearian characters allotted to her were studied and acted by her with eager interest and sympathy. While thus employed in the provincial stock she enacted Ophelia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Celia, Olivia, and Lady Anne, and in each of these parts she was conspicuously good. To this Shakespearian repertory she afterward added Helena, Mrs. Ford, and Katharine the Shrew. The attention of AUGUSTIN DALY, under whose management Miss REHAN has become widely known and highly distinguished, was first attracted to her in December, 1878, when she was acting at Albaugh's Theatre in Albany, in company with Miss EFFIE ELLSLER—the play being *Katharine and Petruchio* (GARRICK'S version of the *Taming of the Shrew*), and Miss REHAN appearing as Bianca; and subsequently Mr. DALY again observed her as an actress of auspicious distinction and marked proficiency at the Grand Opera-house, New York, in April, 1879. Miss FANNY DAVENPORT was then acting in that theatre in Mr. DALY'S own capital American play of *Pique*—one of the few dramas of American origin which really do reflect the character and exhale the fragrance of actual American life—and Miss REHAN appeared in the part of Mary Standish. A little later she was engaged under Mr. DALY'S management, and in May, 1879, she came forth at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as Big Clemence in *L'Assommoir*. On September 17, 1879, Daly's Theatre (which had been suspended for about two years) was opened upon its present site, the southwest corner of Thirtieth Street and Broadway, and Miss REHAN made her first appearance there, enacting the part of Nelly Beers in a play called *Love's Young Dream*. The opening bill on that occasion comprised that piece, together with a comedy by Miss OLIVE LOGAN, entitled *Newport*. On September 30th a revival of *Divorce*, one of Mr. DALY'S most fortunate plays, was effected, and Miss REHAN impersonated Miss Lu Ten Eyck—a part originally acted (1873) by Miss FANNY DAVENPORT. From that time to this ADA REHAN has remained the leading lady at Daly's Theatre; and there she has become one of the most admired figures upon the contemporary stage. In 1886 and 1888 Mr. DALY took his dramatic company to London and Paris, and Miss REHAN, especially during her second stay in those capitals, much augmented her professional renown. The parts that she has played would make a long list if they were all set down in this place; but in addition to those already mentioned, a few others ought to be named, indicating the versatility of the actress and the direction, variety, and scope of her study and experience. ADA REHAN has acted Virginia in *Virginius*, Queen Elizabeth in *Mary Stuart*, Peggy in *The Country Girl*, Hippolyta in *She Would and She Wouldn't*, Sylvia in *The Recruiting Officer*, Oriana in *The Inconstant*, Tilburina in *The Critic*, and Kate Verity in *The Squire*. She has likewise "created" parts, as the phrase goes, in many modern comedies, such as *A Night Off*, *Nancy & Co.*, *Love on Crutches*, *Dollars and Sense*, *The Railroad of Love*, *The Lottery of Love*, *Love in Harness*, *The Passing Regiment*, and *An International Match*.

This is a brief outline of her professional story: but how little of the real life of an actor can be imparted in the mere record of the surface facts of a public career! Most expressive, as a comment upon the inadequacy of biographical details, is the exclamation of DUMAS about AIMÉE DESCLÉE: "Une femme comme celle-là n'a pas de biographie! Elle nous a émus, et elle en est morte. Voilà toute son histoire!" ADA REHAN, while she has often and deeply moved the audience of her riper time, is happily very far from having died of it. There is great depth of feeling beneath the luminous and sparkling surface of her art; but thus far it is chiefly with mirth, and rarely with either grief or passion, that she has touched the public heart and affected the public experience. Equally of her, however, as of her pathetic sister artist of the French stage, it may be said that such a woman has no history. In a civilization and at a period wherein persons are customarily accepted for what they pretend to be, instead of being seen and understood for what they are, she has been content to take her own course, to be original and simple, and thus to allow her faculties to ripen and her character to develop in their natural manner. She has not assumed the position of a star actress, and perhaps the American community, although favorable and friendly toward her, may have been somewhat slow to understand her unique personality and her superlative worth. The moment a thoughtful observer's attention is called to the fact, however, he perceives how large a place Miss REHAN fills in the public mind of the capital, how conspicuous a figure she is upon the contemporary stage, and how difficult it is to explain and classify her whether as an artist or a woman. This blending of complexity with transparency always imparts to individual life a tinge of piquant interest, because it is one denotement of the temperament of genius.

The poets of the world pour themselves through all subjects by the use of their own words. In what manner they are affected by the forces of nature—its influences of gentleness and peace or its vast pageants of beauty and terror—those words denote; and also those words indicate the action upon their responsive spirits of the passions that agitate the human heart. The actors, on the other hand, assuming to be the interpreters of the poets, must pour themselves through all subjects by the use of their own personality. They are to be estimated accordingly by whatever the competent observer is able to perceive of the nature and the faculties they reveal under the press of emotion, whether tragic or comic. Perhaps it is not possible—mind being limited in its function—for any person to form a full, true, and absolutely accurate and definite summary and estimate of another human creature. To view a dramatic performance with a consciousness of the necessity of forming a judicial opinion of it is perhaps often to see one's own thought about it rather than the thing itself. Yet, when all allowance is made for difficulty of theme and for infirmity of judgment, the observer of such an actor as ADA REHAN may surely conclude that here is a rich and tender and sparkling nature, in which the dream-like quality of sentiment and the discursive faculty of imagination, intimately blended with deep, broad, and accurate perceptions of the actual, and with a fund of keen and sagacious sense, are re-enforced with individuality of the strongest kind, and with affluent and extraordinary vital force. ADA REHAN, like MARY ANDERSON, has followed no traditions. She went to the stage not because of vanity, but because of spontaneous impulse; and for the expression of every part that ever she has played she has gone to nature, and not to precept and precedent. The stamp of her own personality is upon everything that she does; yet the thinker who looks back upon her numerous and various impersonations is astonished at their diversity. The woman-like romance of Kate Verity, the impetuous passion of Katharine, the brilliant raillery of Hippolyta, the farcical abandon of Jenny O'Jones—how clear-cut, how distinct, how absolutely dramatic is each one of those personifications! and yet how completely characteristic each one is of this individual actress! Our works of art may be subject to the application of our knowledge and skill, but we ourselves are under the dominance of laws which operate out of the inaccessible and indefinable depths of the spirit. Alongside of most players of this period ADA REHAN is a marvel of originality. Her influence, accordingly, has been felt more than it has been understood, and, being elusive and strange, has prompted wide differences of opinion. The sense that she diffuses of a simple, unselfish, patient nature, and of great and impulsive tenderness of heart, however, cannot have been missed by anybody with eyes to see. And she crowns all by speaking the English language with a beauty that has seldom been equalled in any period of the stage that memory is able to recall.

WILLIAM WINTER.

## THE CITY OF MADISON.

The chief charm of Madison in the eyes of the wayfarer is the harmony of her adjustment to nature. Had the Indian-fighting pioneers of Wisconsin been slower to realize the great scenic beauty of the peninsula between Lake Mendota and Lake Monona, had they neglected to locate the State capital there when fifteen other places were stretching out ambitious hands for the prize, or had the city overgrown its site and marred the landscape with noisy streets and smoking chimneys, the present delicate tone of that harmony never would have existed. As it is, the size and character of the city fit the surroundings so perfectly that any change in the general scheme would almost necessarily be for the worse.

Madison's position toward nature has been unique from the first. She owes her existence, in fact, to the beauty of the lake scenery. In a time when civilization was hewing its slow and painful way into the gloomy Wisconsin forests, and when men's actions were dominated mainly by the desire for commercial gain, the selection of the site solely by reason of its scenic charm was a significant prophecy of the capital's future character. Even in that day of new things it was not customary to found a city by building a Capitol in an unbroken wilderness. Usually there had to be some good commercial or economical reason for the location of a government building. Years after the selection of the Mendota peninsula as the capital site this commercial spirit made an audacious effort to deprive Madison of its political importance by removing the State buildings to another city.

The members of the Territorial Legislature were practically the pioneer settlers of Madison, for the capital building was the first structure erected in the place, although before it was occupied there were a number of small houses scattered about the town site. When the location of the capital was decided upon, the nearest white settler was at the mines at Blue Mounds, twenty-five miles distant, and the nearest village and shipping-point at Milwaukee, one hundred miles due east. Yet despite the hardships and privations attending the first settlement of the place, the rude log cabins kept time to the quick-moving bow, and the silent forest echoed nightly the sounds of frontier hilarity. In the first boarding-house the hostess often played the violin for her guests' dancing. That was the only part of the early merrymaking that unfortunately did not come down to the present day.

Thus it may be said that Madison's social life, which holds an unusually high place in the regard of Western people, began in the first house with the inevitable pioneer woman, who in all sections of the American continent has always been at the forefront of West-bound civilization. The social feeling thus begun in the one lone house in 1837 has been perpetuated and strengthened in each house built since, until to-day the social conservatism of Madison stands fully equal to her natural beauty in the affections of her people. The city has had exceptional advantages in this respect. Her population, like that of Washington, has been in part composed of persons in official position, who in many instances have made their homes there even after political changes had returned them to private life. When to this element, which of itself had influenced Madison affairs to a noteworthy extent, was added the group of writers and thinkers connected with the Wisconsin State University, the composite whole was a society that any city might feel entirely satisfied with.

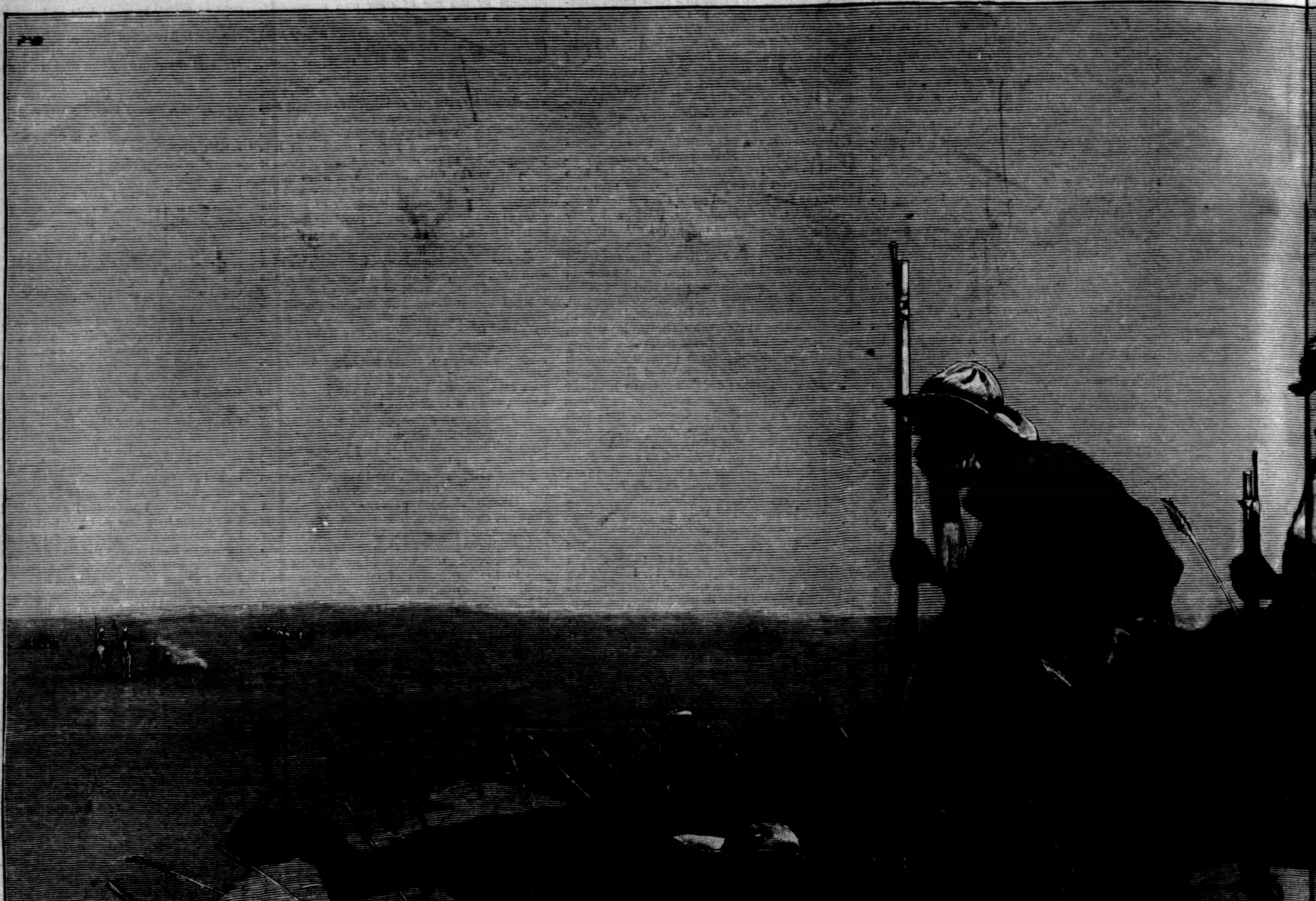
By her social character, together with her excellent educational advantages, Madison has attracted to herself many persons from all parts of Wisconsin, and even from neighboring States; by her natural beauty and her invigorating climate she has become a summer resort of more than local distinction. During the winter the many handsome private houses are bright with social incidents, while in the warmer months the beautiful landscape takes on an added charm from gay outing parties, whose merriment by day no doubt often rouses in the patient field laborer vague thoughts of an inadequate political economy, and whose songs and laughter on still Mendota at night invariably recall to the mind of the old inhabitant that inevitable watering-place embellishment, the local Indian legend. Mendota has its practical side, however, as well as the romantic, as the balance-sheet of the ice-shipper substantially shows. Between the pleasure-seeker and the ice-harvester there is one who, in point of public consideration, combines some of the attributes of each. He is the sportsman. I fancy that the true sportsman is strangely out of place and ill at ease on Madison's four lakes, for there, although the fishing is most excellent and the small game and water-fowl abundant, he finds none of the hard fare and isolation from civilization that elsewhere accompany the hunter and fisherman, like the little Old Man of the Sea. The fly-caster may here have some of the best bass fishing in the West and yet not lose sight of his hotel; the hunter may shoot his brace of ducks or woodcock in time to return home for a late breakfast and a drive along the lake shore. Had Madison nothing more to recommend her than these same drives, she would yet be worth the attention of the summer visitor, for whether in following the shelving shores of the lakes, or winding about the shaded country, the driving party gets glimpses here and there of scenery that has few equals west of the Alleghany Mountains.

If I have dwelt more upon the superficial character of Madison than upon practical affairs, it is by no means through any lack of interesting statistics or historical facts, but chiefly because one must presuppose that such a charming social superstructure as I have touched upon must necessarily be the outgrowth of a deep and broad foundation. Any city that could build up a historical society of equal scope and completeness as that at Madison would assuredly gain a name for seriousness of purpose and solidity of character that only an old university town could hope to possess. Moreover, those qualities in Madison that most attract the visitor are not so common that they can be overlooked, especially when every enterprising Western city is loaded to the guards with accumulating statistics and convincing analyses of one kind or other; yet it is only just to recognize, even briefly, the practical means that made Madison habitable, and gave existence to her social life. So far as commercial affairs are concerned, Madison stands next to Milwaukee as a trading and distributing centre. The country round about is rich in farms and well supplied with local manufactories. Few things except luxuries need to be brought from a greater distance east than Chicago. In a country where distance is measured by the hundred miles the advantage of this state of things shows clearest in the merchant's freight bills, which are rarely so heavy as to cause comment. The Chicago and Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroads carry Madison's farm products and manufactured goods to Chicago and the Eastern and Southern markets, and bring to her raw material from St. Paul and the Northwest. The Madison, Sun Prairie, and Watertown and the Madison and Portage railroads link the capital and surrounding towns into one chain of local commerce.

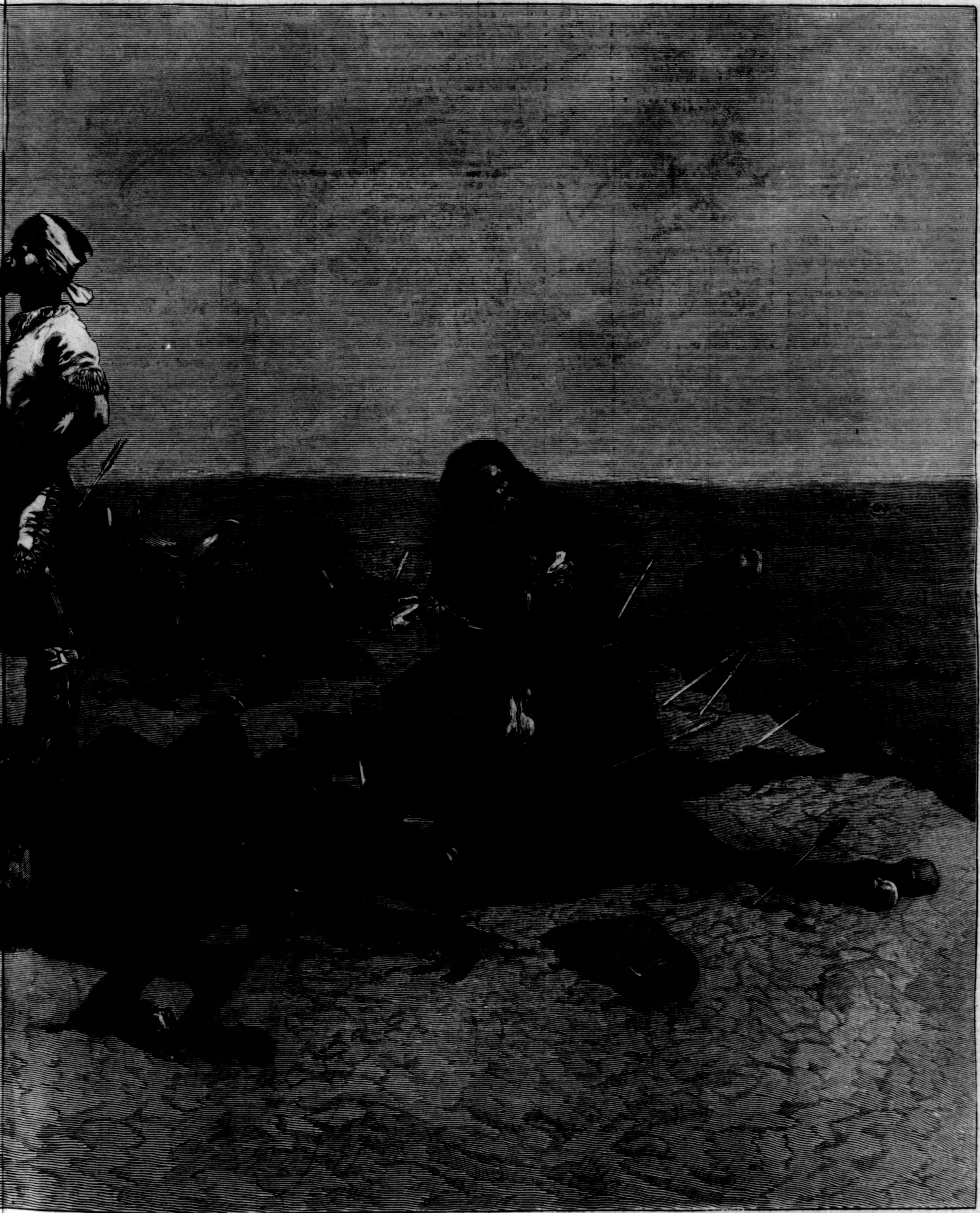
Like every Western town possessed of unusual railroad facilities, Madison is at intervals seized with the wish to become a great manufacturing centre. To my mind this is a mistake. Any town that has railroads and pluck and enterprise, together with plenty of money for contingent funds, can grow into a manufacturing centre; few towns, however, can become beautiful and learned, or can achieve social distinction. Commendable as it is in the abstract, this incessant harping upon the one manufacturing string by every town west of Eastport, Maine, is not an encouraging outlook for a proper adjustment of the factors of industrial progress. All towns cannot be railroad distributing points nor all cross-roads stations manufacturing centres. It would be a pretty state of things if they were.

Madison can, of course, darken her skies with the smoke of countless furnaces, and cover her vacant lots with long rows of tenement-houses, if she so wills it. She has the necessary means and the natural advantages. It would be a great pity if she did so, however, for the industrial West can ill afford to sacrifice those shining qualities that have made Madison famous, for the paltry sake of a larger census return and the sale of a few acres of vacant land. Madison ought to be content with, as well as proud of, her present. She is rich and prosperous and cultured. Let her, then, exist for the sake of being beautiful.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.




THE LAST LULL IN THE FIGHT.—FROM THE



HE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

# THE LAST LODGES OF THE MANDANS.

BY GEORGE LOUIS CURTIS.

More than three centuries before Columbus sighted San Salvador, or Vespucci set foot upon the southern continent, the Celtic Prince Madoc, with a fleet of ten ships filled with his fair-haired followers, sailed away from the Welsh coast in search of the Western Islands. The tiny craft disappeared from sight and history together as they sank beneath the horizon, and no tidings of chieftain or crew ever reached their kindred of the British Isles. It was not until the imagination of an enthusiastic artist and Indian traveller was fired by the sight of fair faces, blue eyes, and light hair, joined to an unwonted hospitality and courtesy of manners, in a remote tribe on the banks of the upper Missouri, that the missing Madoc reappeared, with claims not only to the discovery, but colonization of the New World. His supposed course was traced up the Mississippi to the banks of the Ohio and the Muskingum, where the site of his settlements was sought in the remains of the Mound-Builders; and, following the marks of Indian occupation and retrogression up the Missouri, the last drops of Celtic blood, transfused into the veins of the North American Indian, were thought to be recognized in the "polite and friendly Mandans."

Such was the theory advanced by George Catlin half a century ago, to account for the interesting physical and moral characteristics, striking lineaments, and legends of the tribe which proved the most fascinating to him of all the Indians of river or plain; of whose possible future he conceived such high hopes, and at whose reported extinction he so deeply sorrowed. War and pestilence have, indeed, left few surviving Mandans to testify to the character of preceding generations, and the course of empire has forced the remnant still farther up the river. In a recent journey along our last line of frontier, the writer spent several most interesting days on their reservation of Fort Berthold, which afforded at the same time a glimpse of the fast-fading barbarous life of the aborigines, and a view of the initial stage in the evolution of the citizen from the savage.

"Heaven is as near by water as by land." The same cannot be said of Fort Berthold by the Missouri River line. The ninety-four miles of stage road stretching from Bismarck over butte and *coulée* to this ancient outpost of the American Fur Company are drawn out to one hundred and thirty, more or less, varying with the season, by the countless windings of the coquettish stream. To the pilot there is naught of monotony in the voyage, as he never finds the shifting channel twice the same; but the traveller tires of the endless succession of bare bluffs, swelling yellow prairie, scanty strips of foliage, and sanguinary onslaughts of Dakota mosquitoes, ere the low-lying buildings of the mission glisten in the sunlight of the second morning.

The social situation in this remote corner of the country has for years been unique. The Arickarees, or Rees, the Gros-Ventres, or Hidatsa, and the Mandans—alike large and prosperous tribes when explorers visited the upper Missouri Valley at the opening of this century—have melted away before more powerful and hostile members of their own race. Decimated again and again by Dakota Sioux and Canadian Crees, and marking the line of their continued retreat by the mounds of their deserted villages along the river, the scanty remnants of these three tribes, making common cause for defence, finally combined, and locating on a broad terraced bluff overlooking the Missouri, in the northwestern corner of Dakota, there established what has long been known as the last "permanent" Indian village. Associated, but not assimilated, differing widely in stock, in language, and in customs, but united by disposition and a common danger, they here gathered within their rude earth lodges for the last stand in the desperate struggle for existence.

The trading post established among them gave way in time to a United States Indian Agency, and a large reservation was by Executive order set apart for their use. The necessity of savage means of defence disappeared with the approach of civilization; but so did the buffalo, and starvation was as pitiless as the Sioux. Their wide reservation became merely a vast hunting-ground from which the game had departed, and on whose borders they lingered, soon too to follow. Under the administration of successive agents, they began to cultivate large fields adjacent to the village; but moral elevation and social progress were alike stifled in the smoke and filth of the crowded community, where public sentiment preserved as sacred all the degrading traditions of the past. The missionary could preach, but the medicine-man would practise, and the latter ruled the lodge.

The lowest Indian of the frontier, however, has at last felt the throb of a new life, and a marvellous transformation has recently been wrought in Fort Berthold, under the efficient management of Major Abram J. Gifford, who was appointed Indian Agent by President Arthur. Great skill and tact were required to induce the savage to take the first step in the new path; but promises of teams and implements proved a powerful incentive to the docile, and in the summer of 1885 a few Indians were persuaded to leave the village, to erect "shacks," or primitive log houses with dirt roof, on fertile allotments of land, and to break and till the soil for themselves under the direction of the agency farmer. The first harvest, which was providentially bountiful, secured the success of the experiment beyond the hopes of the agent. With eager emulation, the Indians left the village *en masse*, far beyond the ability of the agent to suitably equip them; and so rapidly did the dispersion proceed that two years later the population had scattered for fifty miles up the Missouri, on both sides of the stream, and only a few aged and infirm Mandans still lingered in the old nest, around which the tribes gathered with each returning Issue Day.

A visit to the old village, with the agent as guide, afforded a glimpse of the Indian life of the past. Once "permanent," in distinction from the movable skin tepees of nomadic tribes, the term seemed an absurd misnomer in the light of its present ruined condition. By the wise requirement of the agent, the old village, as it was deserted, was gradually dismantled—a burning of the boats which prevented a possible return to barbarism. Few even of the rude log huts which had of late years been introduced were still habitable; while of the ancient style of architecture, the curious earth lodges so often described by early explorers of the Western wilderness, the last specimens were here upon the point of demolition. From forty to sixty feet in diameter, and raising their earth-covered domes to a height of ten or fifteen feet, they bore a curious resemblance to gigantic ant-hills, which the solitary opening in the centre of the roof rendered still more striking. Bleaching buffalo skulls and deer antlers crowned the summit, where grotesque bundles of "medicine" and rags flapped their protection over the lodge. Groups of tall medicine poles still bore aloft votive offerings of corn and herbs to the spirits whose aid was invoked for a plentiful harvest; and upon drying-frames or scaffolds, erected in front of every lodge, grain, berries, and meat from the last "issue" hung exposed to the desiccating power of the Dakota sun. Climbing to the crest of one of the domes by a ladder formed of a notched log, I found myself perched on the favorite resort of the Indian for rest and relaxation, a vantage-ground for a complete survey of the village. The ancient stockade had disappeared, fallen timbers choked the maze of narrow passages constructed to confuse an invading stranger, and yawning chasms disclosed the former secret depositories of corn and valued possessions. Two years before, the village must have been as dense and compact as a New York tenement. Now only a few withered hags and superannuated bucks, wrapped in their summer blankets of dirty white cloth, glided silently in and out like ghosts of the past, and the laughter of a group of children, playing among the uncovered and empty *cache* holes, alone broke the dreary silence.

Passing down the pen-like entrance, formed of rough slabs, Major Gifford kicked aside a dozen or more yelping Indian curs, and pressing against the heavy puncheon door now replacing the former curtain of buffalo hide, led the way into one of the lodges, from whose summit a faint cloud of smoke betokened occupation. "How! how!" in cordial chorus, greeted the ear before the eye became accustomed to the shadowy interior. The salutation proceeded from a few dirty and dishevelled creatures clustered on the ground around the central fire-hole, a shallow excavation lined with stones, where domestic animals familiarly joined the preparations for the mid-day meal. Four large posts, rising in the centre of the lodge and connected by heavy beams, supported the framework of timbers. Long poles for rafters radiated from the solitary window, some fifteen feet from the ground, which performed the double functions of skylight and chimney, and sloping downward, rested on the posts of the enclosing circular wall, about eight feet in height; willow boughs filled the interstices, still further covered by a thatch of hay, and a deep banking of earth and sod from ground to summit completed the habitation, rendering sides and roof alike impervious to rain. Around the interior were arranged the beds, some on bunks, others on boxes or hurdles, canopies of gay calico distinguishing those of the head of the family and favorite son. Every article of domestic economy or agricultural use was gathered within the lodge, where dirt reigned supreme. Ornaments and implements, provisions and garments, chicken-coops and cartridge-belts, were mingled in rare confusion; and the collection of feathers, fur, and "medicine" pendent from the heavy posts that supported the roof would have made the fortune of a dime museum. The wooden corn-mill, fashioned from the bole of a tree, its pestle the stem of a young sapling, still formed part of the domestic furniture; but the plough had superseded the ancient hoe, made of the shoulder-blade of the buffalo. "Bull-boats," shallow, circular, and cranky, made of hide stretched over willow boughs, curiously recalled the Welsh coracles; and the gaudy trappings of the dance hung among mysterious charms believed to avert disease or propitiate the shadowy powers of nature. The smoke rose slowly from the smouldering embers, filling the lodge with a pale blue mist, and our clothing with the penetrating "cured" odor characteristic of everything Indian. The brilliant Dakota sunlight, entering above, fell in softened tone upon savage outlines and filthy surroundings, and sifting through the chinks in the sodded roof, touched with slanting lines of gold the weird and withered group of inmates.

The lodge proved to be that of Roan Cow, the Mandan chief, a little dried-up old man with a skin like a mummy's, who received us with squeals of delight as his dimmed eye fell upon the agent. His shrivelled squaw, bowed from many years' service at the corn-mill, produced the yellow papers, signed by army officers and former Indian Commissioners, certifying to his rank and character. All but extinct, his subjects are scattered, and the sway of the last chief of the Mandans will soon be transferred to the shades of the majority. In one lodge an old man, clinging desperately to ancestral teachings, was still fashioning flint-tipped arrows. In another the entire family was indulging in the use of their sovereign remedy, a species of Russian bath, in the sweat-house, whose heated stones and cloth-covered hemisphere, some six feet in diameter, form an indispensable adjunct of every lodge. Either the family was the victim of an epidemic, or was taking a liberal dose of preventive, for, in addition to the perspiring and shivering forms of those who had already emerged, numerous pairs of bronze legs, protruding at full length in all directions from beneath the hoops, proclaimed a crowded house. Unmistakable sounds of hilarity proceeding from the cotton bath-room attested the satisfaction which the upper half of the body was experiencing in the vapor within, although the sequent plunge into a snow-bank or icy stream could not be enjoyed in the month of July. On entering one of the filthiest of these abodes my startled eye fell upon a pretty little Indian girl of about twelve summers, whose bright intelligent face and neat civilized dress were in striking contrast to the brutish, half-clothed group of savages who lolled around her. It was one of the mission pupils at home (?) on her vacation—a suggestive picture of the struggle in progress between civilization and savagery, with the advantage strongly in favor of the latter. "*Que voulez-vous?*" said the Major, with a shrug; "where else can she go if she remains on the reservation?" But even a return to the blanket would not demonstrate the futility or failure of Indian education.

On the outskirts of the village several forked cotton-woods, extending toward heaven their gaunt arms, whitened by the rains and suns of many seasons, mark the scene of the bloody tortures of the Nahpike, or sacred dance of the Gros-Ventres, now, together with the similar Sun Dance of the Dakotas and other tribes, suppressed by government order. Hither the tree, symbolizing a fallen foe, was annually dragged from the woods in triumphal procession, led by the bravest of the tribe mounted upon his war-horse; and around it, when erected within a lodge of green willows, appalling fasts for several days were succeeded by the sickening tortures of the dancers. The sun god beamed fiercely upon his votaries as they swayed to and fro to the shrill music of whistles of eagle bones, the monotonous beat of the drum, and the hoarse chanting of the medicine-men. At length outraged nature yielded to the strain. The buffalo skull, suspended on skewers thrust into the pierced muscles of the dancer, was torn loose by his movements, or the lariat which in like manner secured him to the cotton-wood severed the flesh of breast or shoulders into which it had been inserted. Woe betide the youth who weakened or whose physical courage fainted under the terrible ordeal! No longer a brave, he was henceforth condemned to wear the costume and share the menial duties of the squaw. The annual religious ceremonies of the Mandans, lasting for four days, and commemorating their legend of the Deluge, were of similar character to those of the Gros-Ventres, although of different allegorical significance. The horrible laceration of the dancers was partly a religious observance, partly a test of fortitude and endurance; and the extreme self-torture was carried even to the point of death. The great Medicine, or Mystery, Lodge of the Mandans, in which the rites of the Okeepa, as the ceremonies were called, were celebrated, is now roofless and ruined, and the carcass of a cow was the sole object that met my inquisitive eye on the spot that had been the scene of savage worship. A rainy day, which reduces the requirements of Fort Berthold society, in the matter of costume, to breech-clout and blanket, with the latter arbitrary within-doors, still reveals in scarred shoulders and thighs the marks of Indian heroism. Since the suppression of these revolting ceremonies, the love of amusement on the part of the Indians at Fort Berthold still finds gratification in the Grass Dance, in which, arrayed in an airy costume of feathers and paint, covered with fantastic ornaments, and crowned with eagle plumes and head-dresses fashioned from the fine filaments of the porcupine, the young braves set forth in pantomine the stalking of the game, the stealthy pursuit of the enemy, the taking of the scalp, and all the varied pleasures and pursuits of the old savage life.

About half a mile west of the village lies the old burial-ground. Its tall scaffolds, whereon, in the simple Indian phrase, "the dead live," wrapped in blankets or incased in boxes, rise weird and spectre-like from the treeless, naked ground. Dreary indeed is the last resting-place of the once proud warriors. The plain is strewn with fallen corpses, grinning skeletons, and bodies protruding from their wrappings. The bony hand still clutches the medicine pipe, and the infant's playthings rest with the tiny bundle containing childhood's remains. The winding-sheet of buffalo hide has largely given place to boxes from the trader's store, and the gaudy labels, which have innocently been retained, and which set forth in startling English the culinary and digestive merits of the contents, mingle the ludicrous with the pathetic. Yet there is neither odor nor decay manifest. No bird of carrion hovers near the grim and ghostly spot. The earthly tenements are left to dry up and blow away; while the spirit has gone to pursue the shade of the vanished buffalo. Mandan mythology, somewhat reversing the orthodox order, represents the hunting-grounds of the blessed as situated in a warm climate and beneath summer skies; while punishment is meted out to evil-doers by their transportation after death to a barren region of eternal ice and snow situated in a far northern latitude.

The Mandan account of their own origin, while it fails to support Catlin's theory, is certainly no less romantic or imaginative. Their ancestors, according to the medicine-men, lived underground, whence a few of the young braves and dusky virgins, favorites of the chiefs, ascended to light and air, somewhat after the manner of the redoubtable Jack of the nursery tale, by means of an ambitious vine that had pierced the crust of the earth. But the emergence of the greater portion of the nation was frustrated by the intractable conduct of a fat old squaw, who, in spite of many protests, insisted upon mounting by the fragile ladder, which broke beneath her weight, thus destroying the only means of deliverance, and condemning the majority to eternal subterranean seclusion. Strikingly similar is the tale of the Gros-Ventres, who account for the small number of their tribe by the legend that their ancestors inhabited the bottom of a large lake to the northeast (Devil's Lake?), from which a half-submerged log afforded the only means of climbing to the land, but that the log breaking *in transitu*, the greater part of the tribe were left below.

Rich in legends and folk-lore, with customs and ceremonial observances full of fascination for the ethnologist, and peculiarities that raise questions of profound scientific interest, the Indian problem, as far as the three tribes at Fort Berthold are concerned, seems destined to a speedy solution on the line of extinction. The fickle Missouri has of late turned her back upon Fort Berthold, and a drive of a mile was necessary to bring me to the rectangular enclosure of the agency, surrounded by the frame buildings of the Indian Service. The protecting block-houses of huge logs have suffered a similar change with the Indian, and, transformed into ice-houses and stables, now serve a peaceful purpose. The Winchester rifles of the Indian police rest undisturbed in the rack above the rickety wooden chair from which the agent dispenses justice; and the terrors of the law are personified by the genial countenance and expansive smile of Sitting Bear, chief of the Rees, who, as chief of police, wears the uniform of the Great Father. His dignified carriage, flowing hair, and features strongly suggestive of the late occupant of Plymouth pulpit, at once convinced me of the justice of the oft-heard remark, "Sitting Bear is a born gentleman."

The door opened softly while I was gazing about the office, and an Indian stole on moccasined feet into the room. The eagle-feather soaring from his head, the brass ear-rings, fringed leggings, and drapery of soiled sheeting in which he was enveloped, apparently proclaimed the unregenerate savage. Awaiting the salutation of the agent, he approached the railing. There was the interchange of a few polysyllabic gutturals of warlike sound, and a number of expressive but threatening signs. "Sakits!"—"Good!"—said the Major, as the agent is officially styled, and laid down his pen. The tall Gros-Ventre stood statuesque and motionless. Rising and going into the adjoining store-room, the agent presently emerged with a wagon-bolt and a few drops of oil, with which the applicant glided silently away. "He is cutting hay along the river-bottom," explained the Major, "and his machine is out of order."

Before my mental equilibrium was fully restored, Poor Wolf, head chief of the Gros-Ventres, and the proud wearer of a pair of blue glasses, entered, to announce that a keg of what appeared to be "fire-water" had been found within the limits of the reservation, and to suggest its confiscation. Long a firm friend of the whites, he is said to have more than once beggared himself to ransom a captive. To Poor Wolf belongs the honor of being the first Indian to leave the old village and enter upon the white man's manner of life in a home of his own. The leading reason for the change, be it known, was the fact that the two daughters of the chief were being educated at the school at Santee, Nebraska, and an instinctive sense of propriety forbade that they should return to the dirt and degradation of the Indian community.

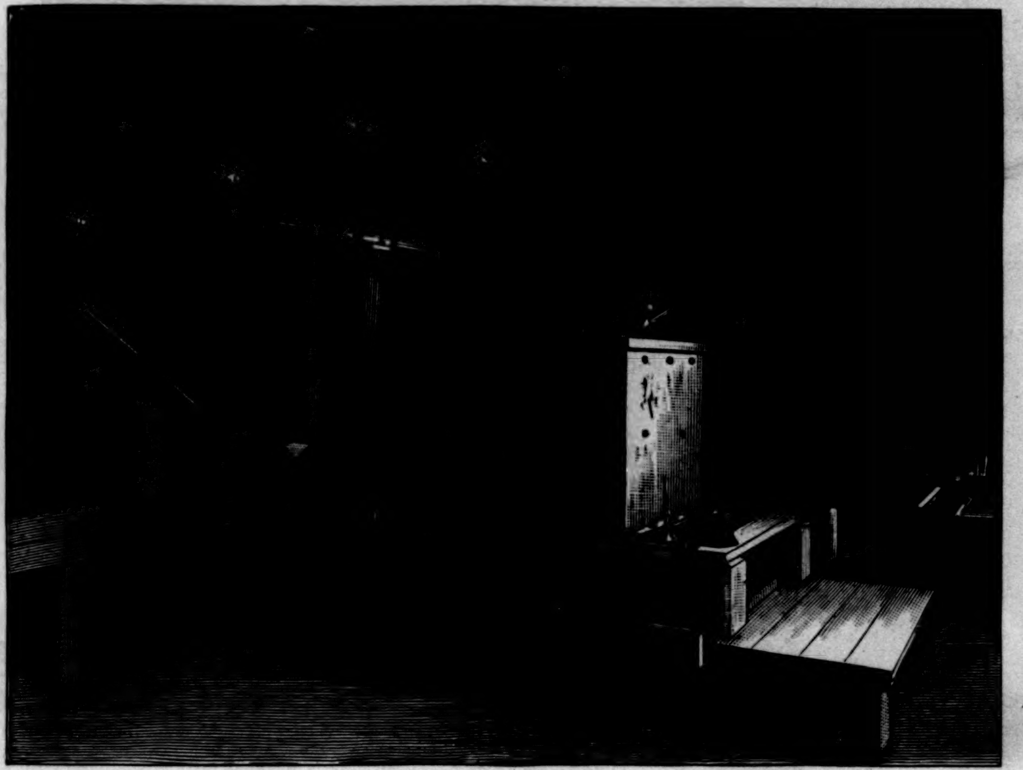
It was fascinating to watch the morning visitors, as one after another approached the agent with his request for an axe-helve, a screw or wire for repairs, a stone to sharpen a scythe, or some other article which showed most suggestively how the bent of the savage mind had been turned from the war-path and the chase to the pursuits of peace. Now and then a returned pupil from the school at Fort Stevenson, Genoa, or Santee was brought in as interpreter, and I looked in vain to find in the quiet, modest boys, with short hair and in civilized attire, any trace of the reversionary instincts which I had been assured were irresistible. In place of the Indian reticence, the sullenness and suspicion of which I had heard, each visitor, anxious to welcome the stranger, advanced toward me with outstretched hand and cordial, smiling glance. The last of my preconceived theories and my breath together forsook me when a long-haired Indian, stepping up to the transmitter of a telephone, whose wire connected the agency with Fort Stevenson, shouted his vigorous vernacular along the latest proud invention of the pale-face.

The adjoining military post of Fort Stevenson has been transformed into a government industrial school, and can give instruction in books and mechanic arts to one hundred and fifty Indian children. A visit to its busy shops and recitation-rooms is a revelation of the capacity and the future of the rising generation. A young Gros-Ventre, educated at far distant "Hampton-by-the-Sea," sits upon the shoemaker's bench, imparting a knowledge of that useful trade to a group of bright-eyed Indian lads; and native aptitude and skill are manifest in the class and on the farm. Mission work has been conducted at Fort Berthold for a dozen years past, but the progress made by Christianity has been slow. The deeply religious nature of these people discerns divinity, a "shade," in every object of creation, and "medicine," or a supernatural manifestation, in every unwonted exhibition of force. The Gros-Ventre child, lost in the blizzard, wraps his coat around a buffalo skull and invokes the aid of the shade of the animal to guide him home. The stalwart Ree decorates the sacred stone of his tribe with red rags, places an offering of food before it, and after thus "making medicine" in due form, confidently looks for rain. Heathen-

ism is still regnant, but the drowsy atmosphere of the past is yielding to the stimulating spirit of a new and higher life. Two years ago, Fort Berthold lay buried in barbarism: there will be no trace of the last "permanent village" on the Missouri in two years more. Light is breaking along the eastern horizon, and the Ree, the Gros-Ventre, and the Mandan are looking toward the dawn.

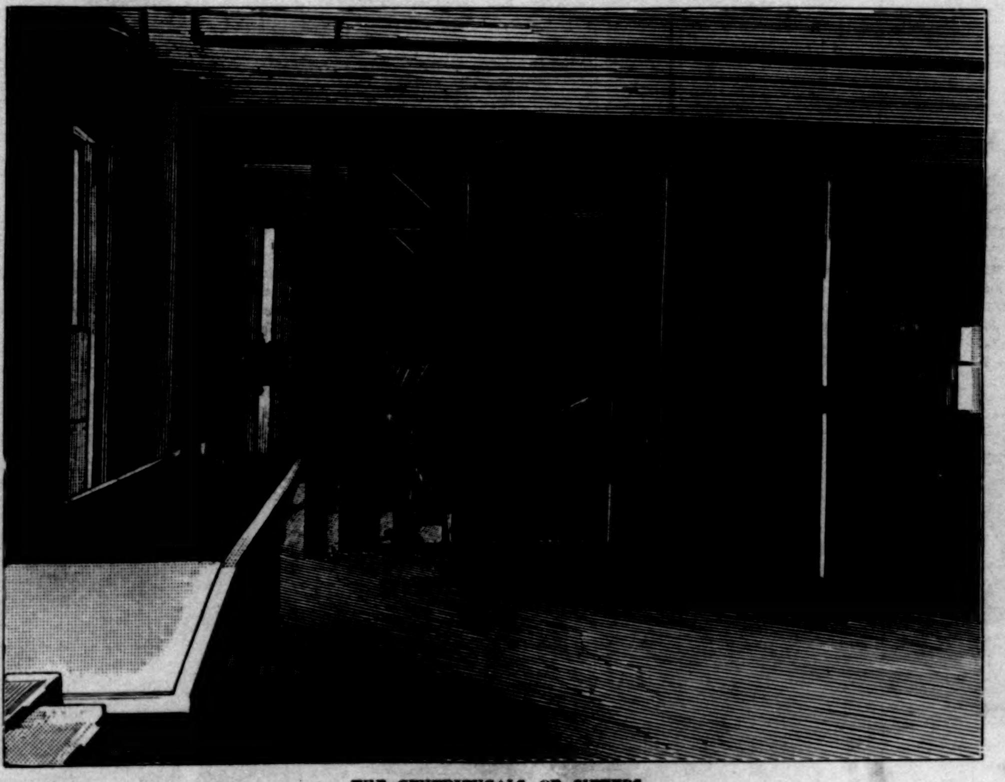
## THE ELECTRIC SUGAR SWINDLE.

The recent arrest in Michigan, extradition, indictment in New York, and approaching trial here of five persons, men and women, presage the exposure of what is described as the most successful, audacious, and "barefaced" swindle of the present generation. It had its foundation in the keen competition among sugar refiners. Henry C. Friend, who is said to have been an expert German electrician and chemist, went some years ago to prominent German and English sugar refiners with the claim that he had a process by which better sugar could be produced than by any other process known. He made two other claims in connection with the matter. One was that it was an electric process, and the other was that the cost of it was only eighty cents a ton instead of nine and a half to twelve dollars.



THE "CRUSHER" IN THE SECRET ROOM.

Failing to enlist the capital he sought in Germany and England, Mr. (or "Professor") Friend came to New York in 1885, and went to the Havemeyers. He told his story, and they, listening gladly enough, told him that they were willing to pay as much as $2,000,000 for his secret, but refused to treat with him on the basis of any process that should be kept as his secret. He persisted in asking for a chance to show what he could do, and they sent him a short hundred-weight—exactly 98 pounds, it is stated—of raw sugar, and he sent back 102 pounds of a sugar which the firm was unable to duplicate. So far as this part of his claim goes, no dispute has been made. He has produced at times sugar that is unlike and superior to any other sugar known in the market. The Havemeyers even went so far as to visit the "professor's" house in company with a party who were to have the process shown to them, but on arriving they found that the machinery employed, whatever it was, was carefully covered up, and that Friend would not allow it to be examined, nor allow anybody in the room where he produced his beautiful sugar. Thereupon the Havemeyers declined finally to have anything to do with the matter, saying that they did not propose to buy a "pig in a poke."



THE CENTRIFUGALS, OR SIFTERS.

Undismayed by this, Mr. Friend continued the exploitation of his process, and succeeded in inducing some sugar men, among them Lawson N. Fuller and Wallace P. Willett, to join in organizing a stock company for the manufacture of his product. This company was accordingly incorporated, with a capital of $1,000,000, of which Friend was to retain $600,000. He also retained his secret, whatever it was, and the company agreed to fit up a refinery according to his plans.

This programme was followed out. The old Atlantic Flour-Mill, near Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, was secured, and the company expended some $40,000 in fitting it up, preliminary to putting in the required machinery. There was no lack of money, for the shares sold readily on the strength of the representations made by some of the officers of the company. These appear to have been made in good faith after seeing some such exhibition as that made to the Havemeyers. At all events, they went on selling the stock, the buyers believing that they were going to refine raw cane sugar at a cost of eighty cents a ton. "It was the eighty cents that caught me," one shareholder is reported to have said. "If the man was a fraud, why didn't he say a dollar a ton or half a dollar?"

Friend showed himself a man of large and liberal ideas so far as the use of money went. The "refinery" is some 50 by 200 feet in dimensions, and five stories high. The top story was put up by the company to hoist the raw sugar to, so that it could be dumped into the secret rooms in which Friend was to do his marvellous work. These secret rooms were guarded with massive doors and inner walls constructed of heavy timber lined with boiler iron, and the locks were heavy enough for use in a bank.

Some few pieces of simple machinery (shown in the illustrations) were ordered and paid for by the company at an expense of about $6000, and bear evidence of use, but these were by no means all that was needed, according to Friend's story. So particular was he to guard his secret that he would trust no one with his plans, but told the company that he was ordering different parts of the heavy machinery in different parts of the country, some in Pittsburgh, some in St. Louis, etc. This he said was necessary, as his process and machinery were not yet patented. So jealous was he in this matter that he declared it necessary to pay the bills himself, and wonderful as it may seem, the company gave him the money to do it. They gave liberally, too. According to their own statements, they advanced him $150,000 in money to pay for machinery that never was constructed, and so far as can be learned, was never ordered.

It is not perhaps so strange as it may seem that they were humbugged in this fashion, for a most elaborate pretence of business was maintained. In addition to the two floors fitted up as secret apartments, Friend had rooms fitted up to accommodate the workmen, who, he said, must live on the premises. An enormous hotel range for cooking their meals was provided, a dining-room and bedrooms were fitted up, and six men and one woman lived there, the janitor being married. Large packing-cases were made, some of them of queer shapes, all mortised and dovetailed together, and a few lined with boiler iron, and were sent away, ostensibly for use in bringing back the secret machinery. Really they went away empty, and came back packed with barrels and boxes of refined sugar.

This is one of the patent proofs, it is alleged, of fraud. The officers of the company say that all their operations were conducted on the supposition that raw sugar was used by Friend in his operations, and they furnished some hundreds of barrels of raw sugar for the purpose of refining. This raw sugar was never used, but was all found in the "refinery" when the bubble burst, and the refined sugar which had been brought in surreptitiously had been put through the secret process and turned out by Friend as the result of his refining.

In March last Friend died—at least it is supposed that he died. Somebody died and was buried, and the weight of testimony is that it was Friend. Probably no one would ever have questioned it if his scheme had proved honest and had been carried out by his widow, who assumed to have his secret, and who took the direction of affairs at the "refinery." As it is, however, the death is doubted. Friend had lived extravagantly, after he began to receive money from the company, at No. 227 East Sixtieth Street, keeping numerous horses, wearing valuable diamonds, and consuming large amounts of brandy. His work, whatever it was, had, however, gone on steadily enough, and the suspicion of no one was aroused. But on account of the large extra expense of fitting up the "refinery" as represented by Friend, the officers insisted on the return of $75,000 of the stock granted to him, so that the total value received by him and his widow was $525,000 in stock, and the $150,000 or so in money which he and she professed to expend for machinery.

For the work went on as before under Mrs. Olive Friend's direction. More boxes went out and came back. More "machinery" was supposed to have been made, and was paid for by the confiding officials; and no one yet knew what they were paying for. They had occasional "tests," at which they saw raw sugar hoisted up to the secret rooms, and saw the beautiful crystals that they could not buy in the market tumbling down through shoots to the floor to which they were admitted, and they were content, especially as the shares they held had advanced to a price of $400 in the open market.

Mrs. Friend held her husband's stock, and if she could have sold out the whole could have cleared more than $2,000,000 by the operation. Strange to say, she did not try to sell any, possibly fearing that if she should do so, distrust would be aroused. She had contracted meantime, in consideration of $75,000 cash, to be paid "on delivery," to tell the secret on January 1, 1889, and early in December last a "test" was made for the edification of the company's officers. At this trial sugar of the coveted quality was dumped down the shoots at the rate of a barrel every two and three-quarter minutes.

Everything looked well up to this time, but suddenly, without leave-taking, Mrs. Friend went to Michigan, together with her step-father, William E. Howard, his wife, Emily Howard, Orrin A. Halstead, and George Halstead. These are the five who are now awaiting trial, and they had been working together after Friend's death to carry out his plans. Work came to a stand-still suddenly, but a watchman, Jerry Flanagan, left in charge by Mrs. Friend, refused to admit anybody, even the company's officers, to the secret rooms, and as the time for the divulging of the secret was at hand, the officers waited.

Promptly at the beginning of the year President Cotterill was on hand at Mrs. Friend's Michigan home to receive the secret. He found her attended by two lawyers, and in their presence demanded the secret. She began to make stipulations. First she wanted the $75,000, already deposited in New York, transferred to a Western bank. This was agreed to. Then a third party to receive the secret and declare on its value was agreed on. Then she demanded $5000 more, and Mr. Cotterill refused it. Then she refused to tell the secret. Mr. Cotterill was already suspicious, and this confirmed his suspicion. He argued and discussed the matter for a while, and at length offered her $2500 to tell whether she could really refine raw sugar by her process. She declined to answer. Then he was asked, after a private consultation by her lawyers, if he would be satisfied with a secret process by which refined sugar could be treated so as to produce the sugar which had been so admired. He said no, and the negotiations ended abruptly.

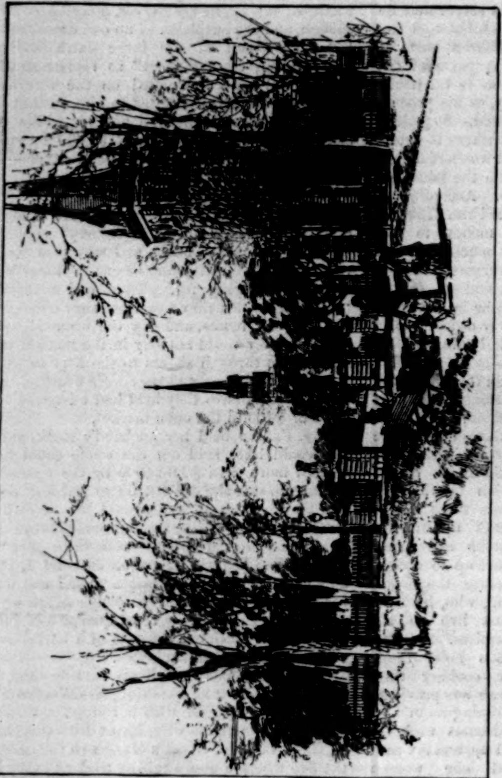
The next step was to telegraph to Mr. Robertson, who summoned assistance and broke into the secret rooms. Nothing was found beyond what has been described, and even the most sanguine shareholders were at once convinced that the scheme was a swindle. Legal steps were at once taken, and the result was, as stated above, the arrest and extradition of the five alleged conspirators. Flanagan has escaped.

David A. Curtis.

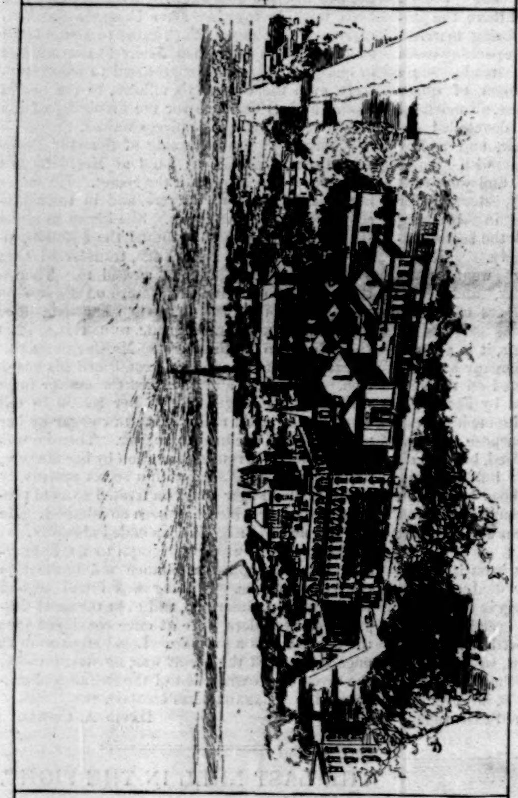
## THE LAST LULL IN THE FIGHT.

In this number of the Weekly Mr. Frederic Remington presents an effective picture of one of the perils of frontier life. The scene is the arid plains of the Southwest, and in the original painting the ground and sky are hot with the glare of high noon. The incident depicted resembles one which was narrated to the artist by a Comanche warrior, and as a typical struggle to the death against hostile Indians may stand perhaps for many an unrecorded experience in the far West. The four central figures are those of Texan herders, or "cow-men," as they are called. They have been attacked by Comanches, and forced to halt and fight. They have made a rude barricade of the bodies of their dead horses. The Indians have circled about them, and perhaps made a charge or two, whose results are seen in the death of one man and the wounding of two others, as well as in the arrows which have pierced the horses. The savages, who have been received with a stubborn pluck that has driven them off, now circle like coyotes about their victims, deliberating whether they shall not rely on thirst and wounds to finish the work.

The old man stanches the blood in his wounded leg, while keeping a watchful and undaunted look on the field, and seems still full of fight. The one who stands erect is coolly calculating the chances of another charge and of his party's ability to resist it. The youth resting his head on his hand is despondent, being not yet made indifferent by a hard life to the prospect before him; but that will not prevent him from doing his full part when the hot battle is renewed. The man pierced with an arrow seems the most fortunate, as he lies dead, with empty canteen in hand. He has already gone where the others must follow him. Their bones will bleach on the sand-hillock, and other travellers will wonder what their story was.

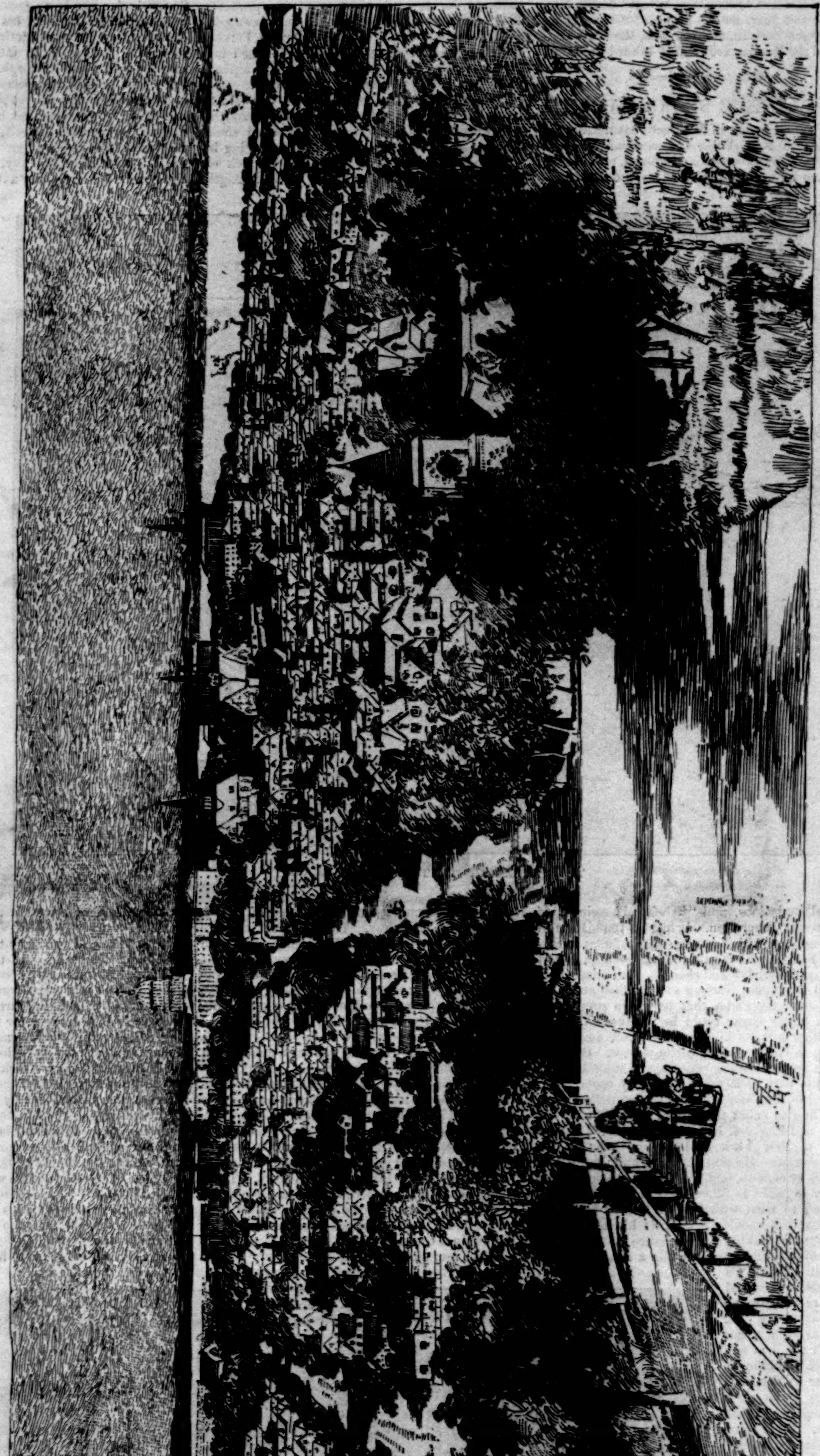


THE CAPITOL PARK.



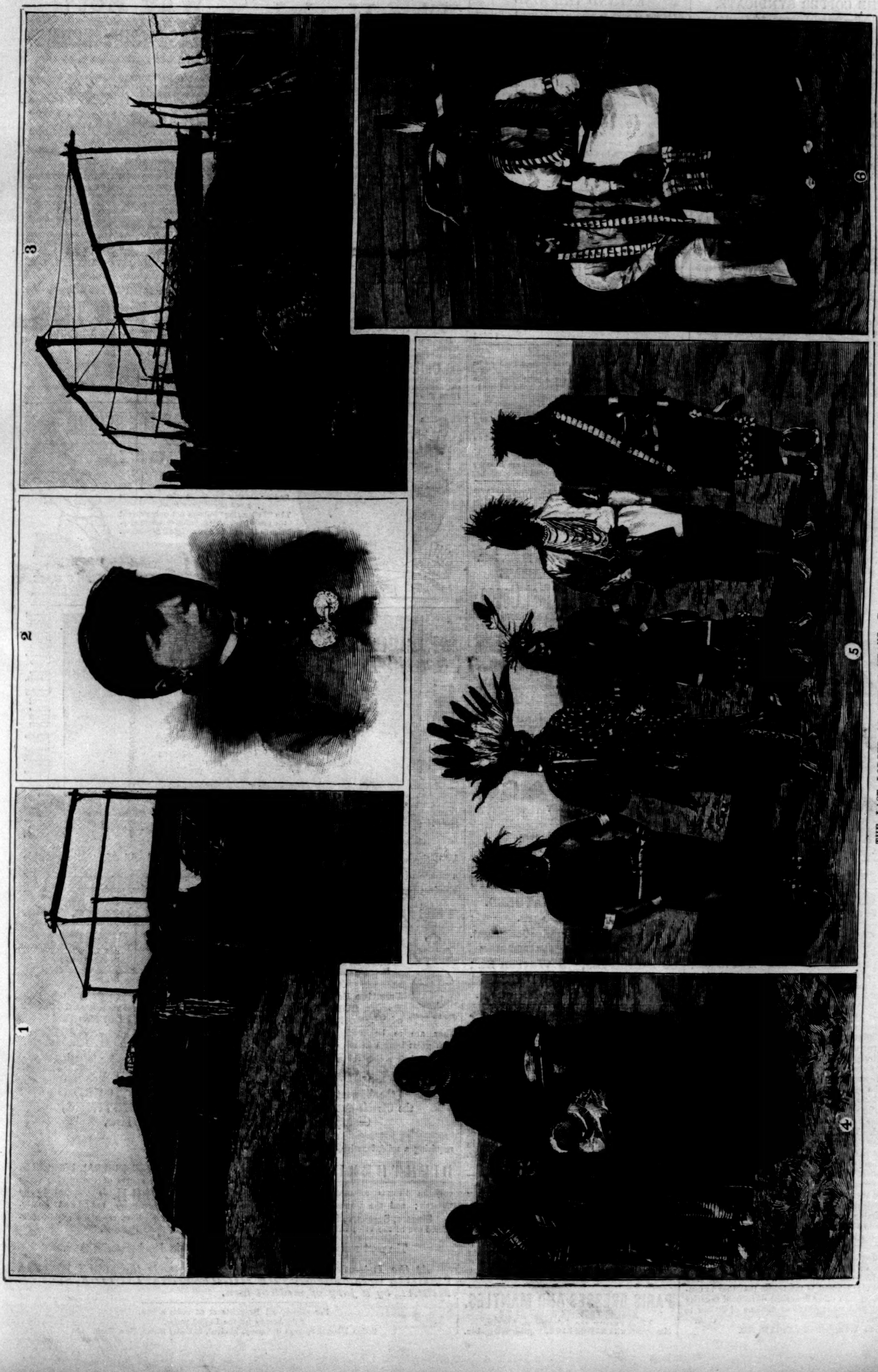
A GLIMPSE OF LAKE MONONA.

THE STATE CAPITOL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.—From Photographs by E. R. Curtiss.—[See Page 243.]




THE LAST LODGES OF THE MANDANS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 246.]

1. Old style lodge, Fort Berthold, Dakota. 2. Lubusbush ("youngest born"), Gros Ventre girl, educated at Hampton, Virginia. 3. "Bull-boats," drying frame, etc., in permanent village at Fort Berthold. 4. Family of Sitting Bear, chief of the Rees. 5. Arrayed for the dance. 6. Fighting Bear and family.

## THE COPPER SYNDICATE.

The leading financial centres of the world have been put to a severe strain during the last week by the collapse of the copper syndicate. The tension, however, has in nearly every case been that of apprehension rather than the testing of monetary resources. Of recent years there has been no occurrence in the financial world precisely similar to that which has just enlivened and distressed Paris. Perhaps for sharpness of effect it will compare measurably with the gold panic of Black Friday, but in most respects it is unique. The whole transaction from beginning to end was characteristically French. The scheme was to control the copper market of the world, and the constant demand for large sums of money gave the undertaking an importance in the financial world that may last for some time. The syndicate that undertook this unnatural work was formally organized under a title, and it has now gone to smash, taking with it the second largest bank in Paris.

The first observation that the collapse provokes must be favorable to the equanimity and strength that other financial centres, and even Paris itself, displayed while the enormous liquidation was most severe. Few people outside of those who handle copper in some form or other would have paid any attention to the matter were it not that the speculation had assumed such proportions that it came very near to becoming an issue in French politics. As it was, the principal financial institution, the Bank of France, was influenced by politicians to advance several millions to the credit bank of the syndicate with the hopes of saving it from suspension. While the shares of that bank, the Comptoir d'Escompte, were declining with frightful rapidity and its vaults were being drained by anxious depositors, while the value of the shares of the copper syndicate, the Société des Métaux, was dwindling away in the market at panic pace, and the price of copper was yielding under the pressure of the 100,000 tons or more that the syndicate has accumulated, Paris was no more excited than over a Boulanger election, if as much; London was not disturbed, nor did Berlin give any evidence of extraordinary anxiety. In our own metropolis the events that have been sketched were utilized on Monday for the purposes of a bear raid, which had for its object the emphasizing of the tendency of the so-called Granger stocks. Boston, the home market for copper stocks, was temporarily upset, but not badly damaged. Paris appears to have made no extraordinary drafts upon London, nor was New York asked through the usual channels of exchange to forward funds to any one of the European centres. Two shipments of specie, aggregating $2,250,000, have been made, it is true, but they were not the result of the crisis in Paris. But fears that the liquidation might spread and effect unpleasant changes that would bear directly upon our market were aroused by subtle manipulators, and played upon for all they were worth. Fortunately complete advices came to hand before any serious damage had been done by that sentimental issue.

One phase of the affair that must command admiration is the nerve of the French bankers. The first day's run on the Comptoir d'Escompte resulted in a withdrawal of the equivalent of $12,000,000 from that bank. The concern continued to do business for fully ten days after that event, principally paying depositors. It would be interesting to know where else in the world, excepting the Bank of England, such a record could be obtained. Certainly not in this city, as the withdrawal under similar circumstances of half of that amount from the strongest of its banks would result in the intervention of the Clearing-House.

The principal sufferers from this grand collapse appear to be the members of the syndicate and the stockholders of the broken bank. The last-named are allowed one share in the reorganized institution for every four shares they held in the old one. The syndicate losses are not so easily adjusted. Thousands of tons of copper will have to be gradually sold for its account, and its relations with bankers guaranteeing its contracts will be settled very slowly. The producers cannot suffer seriously in the long-run, as they have enjoyed for many months the high prices paid by the syndicate, so that they will doubtless strike a good average. It is possible that the producers will profit by the experience of the syndicate, and form an alliance among themselves.

While the folly of the copper syndicate's scheme was patent at the start and its failure a foregone conclusion, it will not do to assume that all other trusts are equally liable to fail of their purpose. There were two radical mistakes in the formation of the syndicate: one was the absence of any provision for the restriction of production, or for the scaling of the price to be paid the producers in case the supply of metal should exceed the demand. The other mistake was practically its formation. The copper producers of the world could have combined for the restriction of production within certain limits with reasonable hopes of success, or they might have gone into partnership with a syndicate that would underwrite their business or product with the view of establishing a stable and at the same time fairly profitable market. They virtually became partners in the syndicate at the last moment, but it was too late. The syndicate, true to its French origin, started with the enthusiastic idea of making copper rank as a precious metal. Its collapse has also been characteristic. Not even the Rothschilds can overturn the immutable laws of trade, yet that is the lesson that they in connection with other financiers of reputed sagacity have paid some scores of millions of dollars to learn.

C. A.

New York, *Saturday, March* 23, 1889.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THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
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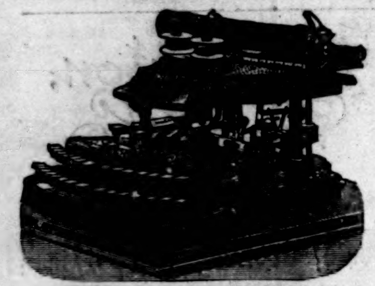

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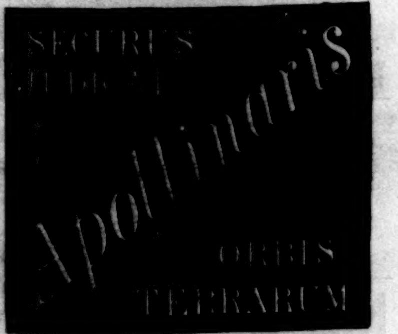

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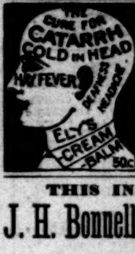


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# EVOLUTION OF THE OCEAN STEAM-SHIP.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

On April 23, 1838, New York, then a city of three hundred thousand souls, was all agog with excitement. A wonderful thing had happened. Men gazed at each other with delight, and already there seemed to beat on their brains some wave of intelligence from the future, telling of marvels far greater which would breed from this one. It was the roc's egg for the new Sindbads of the nineteenth century. This is what the *Evening Post* of the following day said of it:

"The arrival yesterday of the steam-packets *Sirius* and *Great Western* caused in this city that stir of eager curiosity and speculation which every new enterprise of any magnitude awakens in this excitable community. The Battery was thronged yesterday morning with thousands of persons of both sexes to look on the *Sirius*, which had crossed the Atlantic by the power of steam, as she lay anchored near at hand, gracefully shaped, painted black all over, the water around her covered with boats filled with people passing and repassing, some conveying and some bringing back those who desired to go aboard. An American seventy-four in one of the ports of the Mediterranean or of South America would hardly be surrounded with a greater throng of natives.

"When the *Great Western* at a later hour was seen ploughing her way through the waters toward the city the crowd became more numerous, and the whole bay to a great distance was dotted with boats, as if everything that could be manned by oars had left its place at the wharves. It would seem, in fact, a kind of triumphal entry.

"The practicability of establishing a regular intercourse between Europe and America is considered to be solved by the arrivals of these vessels, notwithstanding the calculations of certain ingenious men in England, at the head of whom is Dr. Lardner, who have proved by figures that the thing is impossible. The only question which now remains is whether the greater regularity and speed with which the passage is effected in steam vessels will compensate for the additional cost, or whether, in fact, on balancing all considerations, any additional cost will be incurred."

So the good people cheered, waved their hats, and saw a millennium of trade in the clouds of smoke that shot up from the huge pipes athwart the sky. The newspapers devoted columns to descriptions of the voyage and of the machinery. The log of the *Sirius* was printed *verbatim*, and was as interesting as one of the weird tales of Edgar Poe, whose melancholy face and black-coated figure could be seen any day on Broadway. To be sure, the Dionysius Lardner above mentioned, who cut a great swell in the scientific circles of the day, had persisted in declaring that the passage of the Atlantic by steam could not become an established commercial fact unless ships could replenish their coal bunkers at Newfoundland, or perhaps the Azores, and thence resume their voyages to American ports. But the shrewd American sense had already foreseen the difficulty and detected the fallacy of the Celtic philosopher. The maxim holds good in intellectual as well as practical matters that an obstacle clearly perceived is more than half vanquished. The public mind had been insensibly prepared for the success of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*.

Robert Fulton, improving on the crude beginnings of Rumsey, Fitch, and Morey, in 1807 made river navigation a fixed fact by the building of the *Clermont*, which ran between New York and Albany. No one accepted the invitation to go on the trial trip except a distinguished Frenchman then travelling in this country, one Châteaubriand, not unknown to many of our readers. On being thanked warmly by Fulton for the compliment, Châteaubriand, who was in a melancholy mood, declared that he was anxious to commit suicide, and considered that this would be a novel and interesting way of performing the act. Fulton had the honor of being the first to apply steam to ship propulsion who did not retire from the field a disappointed and broken-hearted man. Colonel John Stevens, of Hoboken, nearly forestalled Fulton. This remarkable engineer—a man of great original genius, who is worthy to rank with Watt, the Stephensons, and Ericsson, which could hardly be said of his lucky rival, completed a steam-boat in 1804, which was fitted with a tubular boiler, a direct-acting high-pressure engine, and a four-bladed screw. Like James Watt before him, he anticipated in many ways the science of a later day, and put his devices on the shelf, in some cases to be reinvented by another man. All these forms of marine enginery, it need hardly be said, have become most important facts in ocean and lake navigation. The boats of Stevens, which he did not then venture to try on a large scale, were shut out for a time by Fulton's monopoly. Almost simultaneously with the work of American inventors similar experiments were progressing in Great Britain. William Symmington made a successful application of steam to canal-boats in 1802, and Henry Ball in 1811 built a steam-boat, which ran between Glasgow and Greenock. This began steam navigation on the other side of the water. In 1830 there were eighty-six steamers on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound alone, and nearly as many more ploughing the far more stormy British waters. The inventions of the two great engineers the Stevenses, father and son, were rapidly adopted after the Fulton monopoly was broken by the courts, and their contributions to marine engineering in the United States can hardly be over-estimated. The progress of steam navigation in this country owes them a vast debt. What that accomplished even in two decades is a most glowing chapter in a history of marvels.

From inland navigation by steam to the mastery of the stormy seas by the same agent was but a step, and an inevitable one. These plans of conquest were almost twin-born indeed. Robert L. Stevens anticipated such a use in 1808 by taking his little steamer the *Phœnix* to Philadelphia by sea, and the steamers of Bell were bravely traversing the turbulent British waters only a little later. These experiments, however, while promising much, proved little and solved nothing. It was not till 1819 that a transatlantic steam voyage was made. This feat was accomplished by the American steamer *Savannah*, from Savannah, Georgia, to St. Petersburg, Russia, *viâ* Great Britain and the north European seaports. This was the first true ocean steam-ship. She was 350 tons burden, and was built, sparred, canvassed, and fitted with steam machinery at Corlears Hook, New York. Hence, under Captain Moses Rogers, skipper, she sailed to Savannah to report to her owner, and take a cargo of cotton, making the voyage in seven days. The ship was full-rigged and in no way dependent on her wrought-iron paddles, which could be taken aboard at will. Her engine, direct acting, low-pressure, had a forty-inch cylinder and a six-foot stroke of piston. Her fuel was pine, which could only be replenished as convenience served. When she sailed for Liverpool, thousands of timid souls—timid in spite of the fact that huge steam-boats had long vexed the currents of Southern rivers—waved her God-speed with the deepest alarm at this novel marriage of sail and steam. Steaming and sailing, the *Savannah* made port in twenty-five days, during a third of the time using canvas. From Liverpool she turned her prow to the Baltic, and touching at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other ports, ended her voyage at St. Petersburg with a magnificent reception from the Russian authorities. Her return voyage, which consumed fifty days, was accompanied by terrible gales, but she rode them safely. Her best speed under steam was only five knots. For some strange reason her venture was not repeated. She was soon after disembowelled and put on duty as a sailing packet. The bold experiment was not followed till 1825, when the *Enterprise* was fitted out for a voyage to India. She sailed or steamed, according to the exigencies of weather and of fuel supply, and arrived in forty-seven days.

The scepticism of the men of theory did not touch the utility of steam as an auxiliary of canvas. Cicero in one of his letters makes a comparison based on the folly of a Roman galley depending on sail alone, without her ranks of galley-slaves bending at the oar—a notion that did not fully die out till after the time of Columbus. Many of the noblest galleons of the Spanish Armada fought the fight that settled the destiny of two nations with a small army of rowers chained to the benches; so long does it take even the most convincing truths to sponge off old habits from the slate. The question of steam was the question of capacity of stowage for coal and cargo. If the steam-ship could not be depended on to make better time on an accurate schedule, and earn handsome profits for her owners, steam offered no odds against canvas. International trade had already begun to make great strides, and bold American skippers vied with English sailing-masters in driving their keels into every sea. The uncertainties of wind and weather were most important factors in the conditions which handicapped the world's traffic. In those long voyages of adventure where ships traded from port to port, and every merchant had a branch counting-house in the purser's cabin, the problem of time had but little value. But the great interests of the commercial world were in the regular intercourse between the leading civilized countries. The delays and irregularities in the delivery and receipt of cargoes; the difficulties of traders in providing for the fluctuations of the markets; the lack of close touch between two hemispheres in finance and commerce; the danger and discomfort that made sea travel so odious to the majority of those impelled by business or pleasure to cross the turbulent waste of the North Atlantic—all these invested the new problem of steam navigation with urgent interest. If man, who had already yoked so many stubborn forces of nature to his service, could chain this already half-tamed demon to do his further will, the achievement would be of surpassing value to the race. It could only be compassed by such a construction of ship and steam machinery that an ample coal supply could be carried without trenching on cargo room, and a safe passage insured without regard to sailing power. Briefly, canvas must be made the mere adjunct of steam, not steam of canvas. When, therefore, the *Sirius* of 700 tons and the *Great Western* of 1340 tons arrived in New York, nineteen and fifteen days out respectively from home, with enough coal in their bunkers, after having steamed the whole distance, to last for upward of a week longer, the solution of the problem was seen to be near at hand.

Before following the growth of the steam-ship of to-day since the days of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, let us scan its earlier pedigree. On one side it shares with the sailing ship descent from the coracle of skins or the birch-bark canoe in which the savage pursued his quest of food or booty. Any record of the stages of development so vividly woven into the warp of history which transformed the frail cockle-shell into the galley, the galley into the trireme and its larger brethren, the trireme into the sailing ship, and the sailing ship into the innumerable beautiful variations of the general type produced in modern times, would be foreign to the scope of this paper. It is the other side of a splendid genealogy in which we are now interested. This does not stretch back to the mists of prehistoric times, as does the simple type of the ship. It could only make its first appearance in human affairs under the pressure of mental forces already far advanced in scientific progress. The knowledge of the elasticity of steam and its power of doing work belongs to a period far earlier than is commonly supposed, but a period intellectually brilliant. The ancients clothed with divine honors or raised altars to the inventors of the saw, the plough, the loom, and the potter's wheel. Moderns who have learned to treat with easy defiance the fate which separated two hemispheres, and

"bade between their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

may well burn incense before the name of Hero of Alexandria, who lived in the third century before Christ. This professor of mathematics in the great university of the ancients describes a machine worked by the elasticity of steam. Many believe that this prototype of the steam-engine belongs to an earlier inventor, though first made known to us by the fellow-townsman of Euclid. The essential principle is that of all modern engines, the transformation of the energy of heat through the medium of water into the energy of work. It may be called the earliest mechanical example of thermo-dynamics. It was a device for opening temple doors by a system of counter-weights operated by the expansion and condensation of steam. The same writer in one of his propositions works out the mechanical formula of a ball kept dancing on the top of a jet of steam.

From the time of Hero of Alexandria many centuries elapsed before there is any further evidence of knowledge concerning the properties of steam. But beginning about the year 1100, mediæval literature begins to furnish many astonishing hints that the problem was fretting the minds of men. We read of clocks and organs run by air escaping from a vessel of heated water; of smoke-jacks and turning-spits operated by confined vapor; of an apparatus for raising a column of water by steam pressure; even of an apocryphal ship propelled by paddles moved by the forces of boiling water. There was no end of quaint and curious speculations by various philosophers based on an intelligent grasp of the powers of steam. David Ramseye, in the days of the first Charles, received a patent including many claims, among them one "to make mills goe without the aid of wind, water, or horse," and another "to make boats, ships, and barges goe against the wind and tide."

The first authentic instance in which steam was applied for useful work was the device of the second Marquis of Worcester for raising water in 1663. This steam-pump, further improved by Thomas Savery and Denys Papin (the latter one of the French refugees banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes), became an important factor in the coal-mining districts, where so many shafts were rendered useless by water. But the safety-valve had not yet been devised, and boilers had a bad trick of blowing up and destroying life and property—a fact which, among the superstitious colliers, who had no enthusiasm for science, militated against the new machine. Savery's "water compellers" were sometimes mobbed, the engineers narrowly escaping with their lives.

Brilliant experiments with steam now began to be made among all the countries of western Europe, and the pathway of discovery became more and more clear as it blazed its way through a thicket of difficulties. Within a score of years the essential principles of the steam-engine were worked out experimentally. The elastic force of steam, the method of producing a vacuum, the application of condensation to remove atmospheric pressure, the measure of pressure on boilers, the safety-valve, and the steam-cylinder fitted with pistons, had become established mechanical facts. The latter two of these important steps were the devices of Thomas Newcomen, a Dartmouth blacksmith. John Smeaton, a distinguished engineer, applied his trained skill to perfect Newcomen's work, and the pumping engine became a perfectly adequate piece of mechanism about 1770. It enabled collieries to be sunk to twice their former depth, and was also used for aqueduct purposes. But the drawback was the enormous cost of running, through the waste of power. This heavy tax amounted almost to prohibition, unless where the engine was applied to enterprises projected on a great scale.

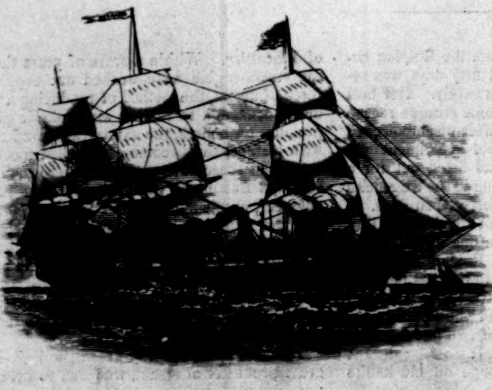
The man was born and grown, and already toiling hard on the great problems of steam, who was to overcome this and produce the fully perfected type of the modern steam-engine. Newcomen and Smeaton had begun to accomplish the assemblage of the principles of the engine into a train of mechanism which should do its work with infallible certainty. James Watt completed the task, and since his day inventors have only improved details. This immortal genius, *clarum et venerabile nomen* in the history of industrial science, looks down on the world from a pedestal not less high than that which thrones the memory of Homer and Phidias, of Dante and of Michael Angelo, of Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe. His experiments, extending over twenty-five years, left the steam-engine as it stands to-day in essential structure. His first step in the evolution of the work before him attacked the problem of the waste of power. In a letter to Professor Jardine, he wrote: "In the state in which I found the steam-engine it was no great effort of mind to observe that the quantity of fuel necessary to make it work would forever prevent its extensive utility. The next step in my progress was equally easy—to inquire what was the cause of this consumption of fuel. This too was readily suggested, viz., the waste of fuel which was necessary to bring the whole cylinder, piston, and adjacent parts from the coldness of water to the heat of steam no fewer than from fifteen to twenty times a minute."

He met the difficulty by devising the separate condenser. We shall see hereafter that the more complete solution of the same problem has been the special line along which improvements in the details of the steam-engine have travelled; and that continued reduction in the amount of fuel necessary to produce the same energy of work has been *par excellence* the very heart of the question in the evolution of the ocean steam-ship, both in its machinery and architecture. The leading contributions of Watt to the engine were the principle and method of surface condensation; the double-acting principle of the cylinder, by which steam is made to move on the upper and lower side of the piston alternately; the double cylinder or compound engine, which Watt never used, but which, after the lapse of nearly a century, became so important a factor in the marine engine; parallel motion; and the regulating power of the governor. Aside from these additions, the beautiful ingenuity with which he co-ordinated all the parts to assist each other with the least waste in transmitting force made his engine a model of symmetry and economy in working power. The steam-engine had now become (the closing decade of the eighteenth century) the fully equipped instrument to revolutionize mechanics and manufactures, adapting itself to all kinds of work with perfect ease. Watt built an engine, among his innumerable inventions, to draw carriages, but it was left for a great successor, George Stephenson, to win the crowning glory of the locomotive. Among the intimates of Watt were our own Benjamin Franklin and the eccentric Erasmus Darwin, the brilliant grandfather of a more wonderful grandson—poet, naturalist, and mechanician.

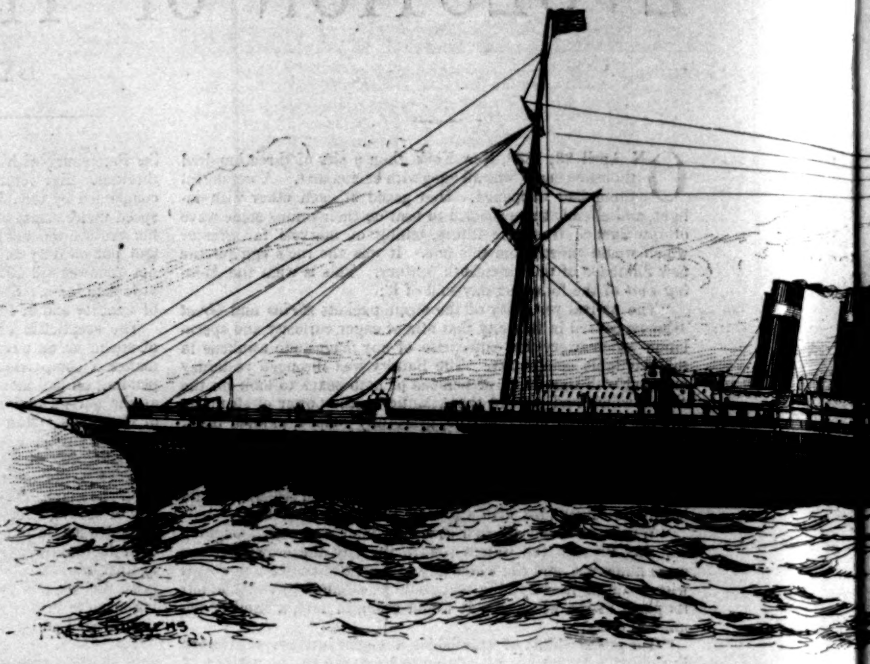
What is true of Watt is equally true of Stephenson. His ultimate success in the production of the locomotive was preceded by a series of experiments—either failures or partial successes—on the part of others, among them the giant of them all, Watt himself. So too in the application of steam to navigation. From application of steam to general dynamics in the form of the stationary engine to the locomotive, and from the latter to the marine engine and water transportation, were easy stages. Once Watt had achieved his monumental work the great problem was solved. The lion had pulled down the prey, and the lesser beasts of the fields were now permitted to throng in and share the banquet.

We have already glanced at the earliest attempts in navigating the ocean by steam. Though the *Savannah* and the *Enterprise* succeeded in making long voyages, they were essentially sailing ships with the accessory of steam. The *Great Western* and the *Sirius* really inaugurated the epoch of the ocean steam-ship. They demonstrated that the transatlantic voyage was perfectly practicable without unfurling a yard of canvas. The importance of the traffic between Europe and America was the vital and immediate stimulus to steam navigation on the high seas. The voyage is only surpassed by its dangers of storm by that around Cape Horn. Steam disarms these terrors alike by shortening the voyage and its defiance of the ordinary perils which endanger the lofty top-hamper of the sailing ship, with its complicated spars and canvas. Horace, the experienced man of the world, betrayed his own timidity when he wrote that striking ode depicting the dangers of the sea and his anxieties about his friend Virgil, absent on a trip to Attica. Yet every generation down to the age of the steam-ship echoed his cry that "the strength of oak and triple brass was about his heart" who first had the courage to tempt the stormy waves. The modern voyager laughs at such fears.

The *Great Western* continued in the transatlantic trade about six years, during which time she made 70 voyages across the ocean, averaging $15\frac{1}{2}$ days westward and $13\frac{1}{2}$ eastward. The quickest passage to New York was made in 12 days and 19 hours, and the quickest to Liverpool in 12 days and 7 hours. During this period other steamers were built and put on the North Atlantic race-track, for such it speedily became in the sense of rivalry between the different vessels even of the same line. Among the earlier ships were the *Royal William*, the *British Queen*, the *President*, the *Liverpool*, and the *Great Britain*. The last, the finest of the fleet, launched in 1843, was 300 feet long, 50 feet beam, and 1000 horse-power. The hull was of iron, the first example of a large ship built of this material, and the vessel was an example of the best work of the time. After a few voyages she went ashore on the west coast of Ireland, but was got off without injury, showing the stanchness of an iron frame. The Cunard Line was established in 1840, consisting of four ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 4600 tons, and an average speed of less than eight knots. The average speed to-day is more than double, the aggregate tonnage over a quarter of a million, and half a hundred ships, drawn by more than 100,000 horse-power, penetrate the Oriental and Southern seas as well as the Atlantic. The Cunard fleet had practically



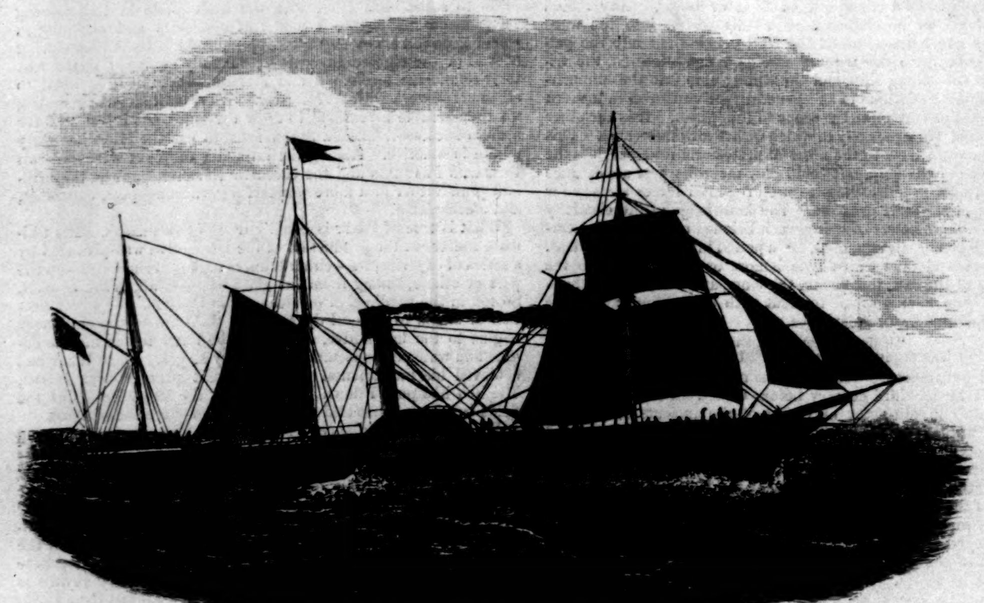
THE "SAVANNAH."



THE STEAM-SHIP "C[TY

THE STEAM-SHIP "GREAT WESTERN."

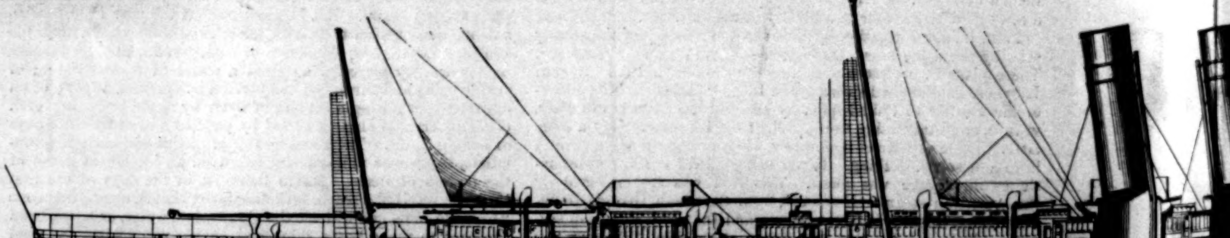
THE STEAM-SHIP "AD[RIAT



THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP "AFRICA."

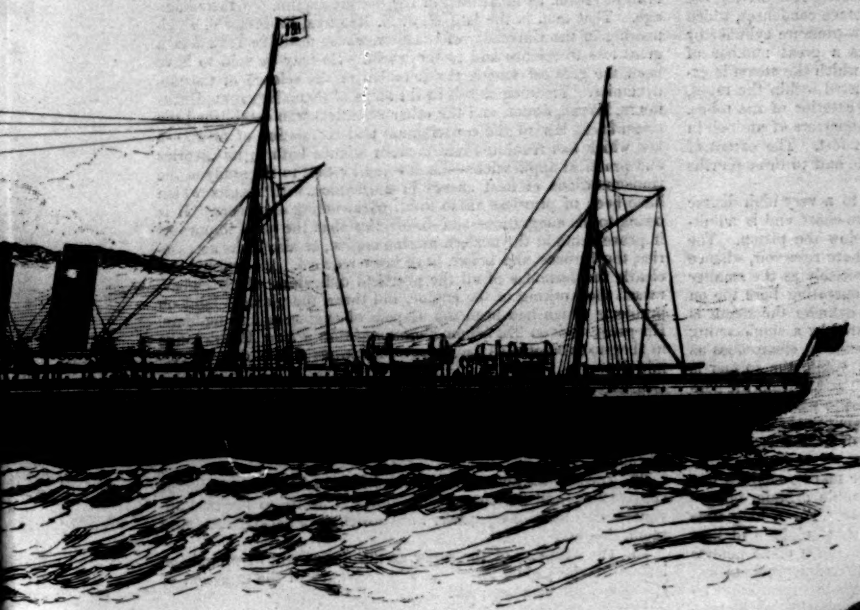
the monopoly of steam navigation between the Old and New worlds till the American Collins Line was organized in 1851 with the pioneer steamer *Atlantic*. The length of her hull was 276 feet, her breadth 45 feet, the depth of her hold 31½ feet, the width over her paddle-boxes 75 feet, and her tonnage 2860 tons. This, as in fact were all the ships of the COLLINS fleet, was notable for the comfort and elegance of its passenger accommodations, and for the fineness and beauty of its lines, adapting it for high speed. In these respects the *Atlantic* and her sister ships surpassed their English rivals, and they may be considered the pioneers in that luxury and convenience of ocean travel so remarkable in these latter days. The best speed made by a COLLINS steamer was an ocean passage of 9 days and 19 hours. The causes of the failure of this national enterprise were perhaps inevitable. The difficulty of securing capital and efficient organization, bad management, and the success of screw propulsion as against the paddle-wheel, wrecked the company in a few years, in spite of large subsidies from the government. It is among the national failures which Americans have but little pride or pleasure in calling to mind.

The steam-ship had now become an enormous fact in the traffic of the world. The ingenuity of engineers and builders was henceforward devoted to such modifications of structure and machinery as to increase speed, enlarge capacity, and reduce expense of running. The paddle-wheel and the side-lever engine, though powerful and efficient, were cumbersome and wasteful of coal as compared with the energy of work utilized. The improvements to be made were of the most radical character. These affected the material and



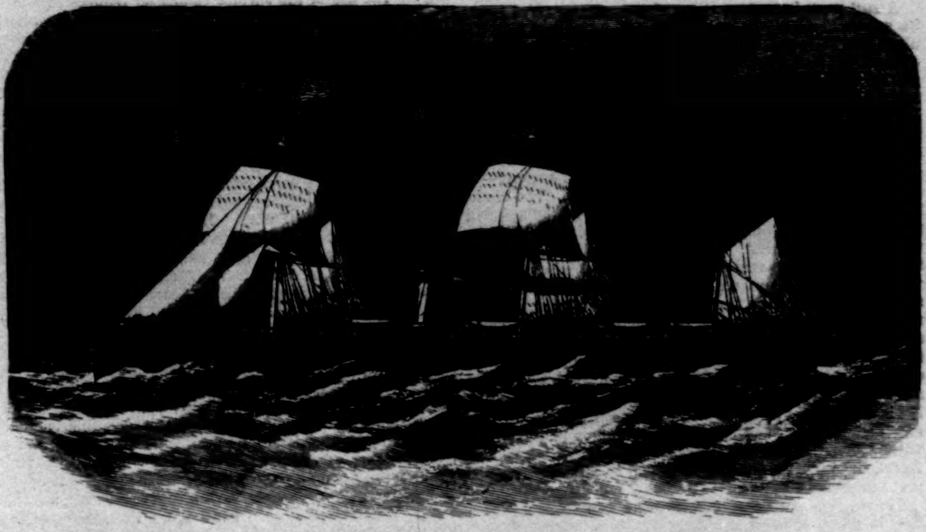
SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE "C

OCEAN STEAM-SHIPS, FROM THE "SAVANN



TY OF NEW YORK."

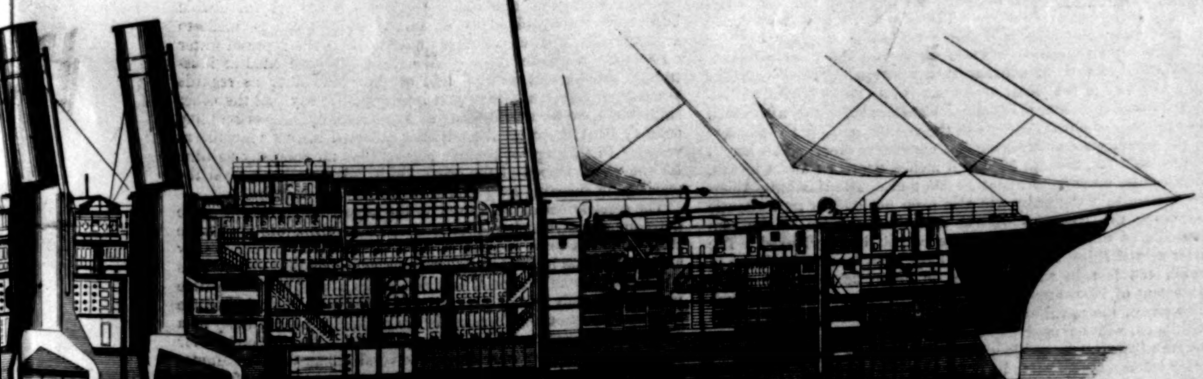
THE STEAM-SHIP "SIRIUS."



THE STEAM-SHIP "ABYSSINIA."

RIATIC," COLLINS LINE.

STATE-ROOM OF THE "CITY OF ROME."



"CITY OF NEW YORK."

NNAH" TO THE "CITY OF NEW YORK."

proportions of the hull, the type of the engine, and the direct tool of propulsion. To secure the highest working energy out of the heat energy of the fuel, and to lessen the amount of work to be done, were the factors in the problem. The *mot d'ordre* was, "Increase power, reduce friction."

What the United States had lacked in developing the steam-ship along the more advanced scientific lines was partly balanced by her splendid evolution of the sailing ship. During these years of steam-ship competition she produced that greyhound of the sea the clipper, the speed of which surpassed even that of the fastest steam-ship of the time, and promised to revolutionize the India and China trade. The American coasting ships and schooners, specially of Chesapeake Bay, had always been famous for their beautiful lines, swiftness, and weatherly qualities. They had displayed their splendid powers by showing their heels to the fastest of the British cruisers in the war of 1812. The yacht *America*, built in 1851 on this model, had carried off the international cup. From those schooners the step was logical to the famous clipper ships by the adoption of square sails for the larger vessels in combination with the fore-and-aft rig. So fleet-footed were these ships that the voyage from New York to San Francisco or Hong-Kong could be calculated within a few days. The *Flying Cloud*, the most celebrated ship of the type, made New York from San Francisco in 89 days and 21 hours. One day's log showed an average rate of nearly 18 miles an hour. Such high speed, made practicable by more canvas, seemed by so much to lessen the need of steam.

But while this, it may be, lessened American ambition in ad-